THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 43.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND PRINCESS;" "THE DESERTED WIFE;" &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE OF A MYSTERY.

> "What shrieking spirit, in that bloody room,
> Its mortal frame had violently quitted?—
> Across the moonbeam, with a sudden gloom,
> A ghostly shadow flitted."
> THOMAS HOOD'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of De Quincey's papers—"Three Memorable Murders," recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The events occurred many years since, in a remote section of the country, and thrilled the heart of the whole community with a fearful interest.

Believing the story to be full of instruction, and knowing that the facts have never before been used "to point a moral, or adorn a tale," I have collected the incidents to weave them into a narrative.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges stands a little Catholic chapel, called St. Andrew's Church, and around the chapel nestles a little hamlet named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:—

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Auderly, a Virginian lady of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan heiress, grand-daughter and ward of Madame Auderly.

The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawe's Hole—was the property of old Hugh Hawe, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern farm, named from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion-house, elaborate outbuildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner—"Farquier's Folly"—was the heavily-mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquier Dulanie, the grandson of Hugh Hawe, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawe had bought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended the despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritance.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawe, whom he had established near himself at Farquier's Folly.

At this time, the disinherited heir, having finished a term at the university, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

As no hospitable mansion was likely to be thrown open to the almost penniless young student, he also received "his warmest welcome in an inn."

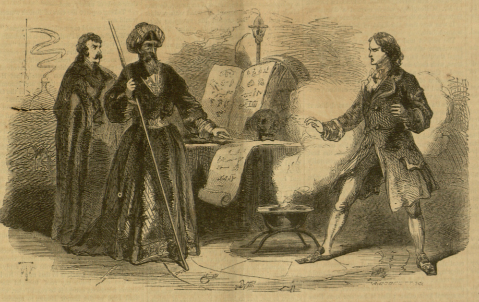
It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel and, indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, and passed through on her way home.

Godfrey had known Honora Paule as a child; but that was years ago, and her very form and features had passed from his memory; nevertheless, he at first listened, as an idle traveler will, to the gossips around him.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her face, vied with each other in praise of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.

Now Godfrey Dulanie had a strong prejudice against "fine ladies," and this one formed no exception to his antipathy. He despised the vulgar eclat that expended itself upon the merely adventitious circumstances of personal beauty, great wealth, and fine dress. And all this fuss made about Honora Paule shared his contempt.

"Well," he said within himself, "to-morrow, at morning service, I too shall have an opportunity of seeing this 'marvelous' fine lady—this heiress, beauty, muse and saint! And I shall find her a high-complexioned, expensively arrayed young woman, full of boarding-school graces and fashionable piety! She will read her prayers from a gilt-edged book, and put a gold piece in the purse, so that all may see that she is 'saint' as well as muse, beauty and heiress.' Bah! fie upon tinsel glitter! fie upon false shows! If ever *I* marry, it will be some poor girl! Oh! for my ideal woman! oh! for my gifted daughter of toil!—my nature's queen!" thought our hero, as, half in loathing of the popular truckling to mere rank and wealth—half in aspiration towards the angel of his secret visions, he sauntered out of the house and strolled towards the forest.



THE ASTROLOGER ACHBAD ANNOUNCING GODFREY DULANIE'S HOROSCOPE.

CHAPTER II.

OUR HEROINE.

> She is a queen of noble nature's crowning,
> A smile of her's is like an act of grace;
> For when she smiles a light is on her face
> Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream
> Of human thought with a pervading glory,
> Not all a waking truth, nor all a dream—
> A visitation bright and transitory.
> HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The next morning being the Sabbath, Godfrey Dulanie, who seldom absented himself from Divine service, arose early, dressed, breakfasted, and set forth upon a walk of three miles down the mountain, in other words, from Altamont to Piedmont, where flourished Grace Church, the little gothic chapel of the Episcopal parish of Crossland.

But with sauntering, loitering, and looking from favorable points upon familiar prospects, it was late when he reached the foot of the mountain, where, in the lower skirt of the forest, stood the chapel.

The church-yard was filled with "conveyancies" of every description, from the coach and pair to the ox-cart, from the family carry-all to the single sulky, and from the old dame's donkey to the gentleman's charger. But no human being except two black grooms, each left in charge of particularly wild horses, remained in the yard. All had passed into the church where the services had already commenced.

Godfrey Dulanie, hat in hand, waited reverentially until the opening prayer was concluded, and then as reverently entered, passed up the aisle, and took his seat in a vacant side-pew at the right hand of the pulpit, which commanded not only the preacher but the whole congregation.

And while the minister was giving out the somewhat lengthy hymn, Godfrey Dulanie naturally permitted his eyes to wander over the assembly.

It was emphatically a country congregation. There, in the lower end of the church, near the doors, and along the side walls was the usual quantum of old-fashioned men and women in coats and bonnets of a style much in vogue half a century before. There, about the centre of the building, were aged gentlemen and gentlewomen, thrifty matrons, and rustic belles and beaux. And higher up, near the pulpit, were the older and wealthier and so-called "more important families," the aristocrats of the county.

Here, occupying the two front pews, immediately before the pulpit, were the Auderly family. From his seat at the right hand of the pulpit, Godfrey had a full view of this party.

In the pew nearest to him sat three gaily-attired and blooming girls, whose hoops and wide skirts then, as now, fashionable, filled the whole space. These young ladies he easily identified as the Auderly girls. He narrowly scrutinized them to see if he could discover which was the great heiress, Miss Honora Paule.

All three were very pretty, according to the wax-doll standard of beauty, with rounded and slender forms, white skins, pink cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow curls. They were also dressed according to the wax-doll standard of taste—in lilac-colored berages with many flounces, and gimp bonnets, with a profusion of flowers.

With the strong family likeness among them, it was difficult to distinguish the heiress, Honora Paule, from her cousins, the Misses Auderly. But at length Godfrey fixed upon the one at the upper end of the pew as Miss Paule. He came to the opinion in this manner—first, because her form was taller and rounder, her skin whiter, her cheeks pinker, her eyes bluer, and her curls yellower than those of her companions; secondly, because her dress had more flounces and her bonnet more flowers than anybody else's; thirdly, because she occupied the place of honor at the upper end of the pew!

The longer he looked the surer he felt that this was the lady! She looked every inch the heiress, beauty, genius, saint—in her own estimation! She held her form erect, her head thrown back, and her eyes cast down—the very ideal of "the pride that apes humility." She held in her white kid-gloved hand a prayer-book of white velvet and gilt. This was she! thought Godfrey Dulanie, as in two seconds he weighed her in the balance, and found her marvelously "wanting."

In the next pew sat the old lady, Madame Auderly, in the black silk gown, mantle and bonnet that had been her Sunday dress for the last forty years. By her side was her old bachelor brother, Colonel Shannon. And, near the door of the pew, sat a young female plainly dressed, whom Godfrey Dulanie had not yet particularly noticed, because she sat farthest from him, and held her head down, following the minister from the open hymn-book that lay upon her lap.

The minister finished the reading of the hymn, and the organist commenced playing the prelude. The congregation arose en masse to sing.

As Godfrey Dulanie stood up, his eyes fell full upon the young girl, at the lower end of Madame Auderly's pew.

And from that moment he saw no one else in the church!

Was it merely love at first sight? Was it the spirit's recognition? What was it?

The prophecy of his heart seemed fulfilled! In this plainly-dressed young woman, this maid or humble companion of Madame Auderly, he had found his ideal! he had recognized the concrete form of his abstract idea.

Will you, reader, have a fuller description of her who, at first sight, made so deep an impression upon Godfrey Dulanie, and who ever afterwards exercised so great an influence, not only upon his destiny, but upon the fate of other men and of nations?

First, let me warn you that she was not near so pretty as the three young ladies in the next pew. For *they* were as pretty as possible, judged by the wax-doll standard aforesaid. That is—they were just as pretty as curved lines and pink, blue, yellow and white colors cunningly blended could make them. And that beauty was as much enhanced by dress as gauzes, ribbons, laces and flowers artfully arranged could enhance it.

About our heroine there was nothing of the sort. No meretricious arts or artifices of the dressing-room disparaged the handiwork of her Creator. There was no decided pink, blue, yellow or white in her face.

But there was something infinitely more beautiful, attractive and potent than any mere external combination of brilliant colors could present. The noble mold of her features and expression of her countenance was the outward sign of inward beauty—a majesty of love, wisdom, goodness and power, that attracted and absorbed the soul of the spectator.

Her form was rather below the medium size, slender, well rounded, and perfectly symmetrical. Her complexion was pale and clear. Her hair, of the darkest shade of brown, seeming jet black, except when the sunshine brought out its warm, bright hues, was smoothly parted above a forehead almost too broad and prominent, too majestic with the power of intellect for womanly beauty, but for the perfect sweetness and meekness of spirit about the expression of the face; the eyebrows were dark, well marked, and slightly arched; her eyes were clear, dark, gray, large, full, and seemingly deeply set, but really only overshadowed by the prominent brows, drooping lids, and long, close lashes; her nose was straight and well defined, her chin well rounded, and her lips beautifully curved and gently compressed.

Some faces that are perfectly charming in front view, disappoint in profile. This girl's face was attractive in every position, but perhaps most attractive in that half front, which showed to advantage the majestic forehead, relieved by the sweet outlines of the eyebrows, lips and chin. I have been thus minute in describing her, because every peculiarity of feature was a characteristic of something in her nature; her whole countenance was, as I said, an outward expression of an inward beauty that absorbed the soul of the beholder.

For the rest, she was clothed with classic simplicity; a white muslin dress and a plain straw bonnet with white strings, were the external items of her costume. She might be the seamstress of the young ladies, or the humble companion of the aged matron. Her dress revealed nothing except the good taste of the wearer; for the wealthiest heiress could find nothing prettier, nor the poorest seamstress anything cheaper for her Sunday's wear, than this white muslin gown and straw bonnet. Godfrey Dulanie made up his own mind—first, that he loved her; secondly, that she was Madam Auderly's employee; thirdly, that he would seek her acquaintance, with the ultimate view, perhaps, of making her his wife.

While these feelings, thoughts and purposes engaged his mind, I regret to say that the morning service and the sermon passed off, without his knowing much of what was said or done. Truly, he had stood up with the singers, knelt down with the prayers, sat through the long sermon with the listeners, and finally got up and bowed his head to receive the benediction with the others; but all this had been purely mechanical.

When service was over, he went out with the rest, and watched to see what would become of the girl who seemed already to hold his fate in the hollow of her little hand.

When the Auderly family reached the church-yard, they filed off in pairs, to walk the short distance between Grace Church and Piedmont Manor House. The two sisters went arm in arm, the young belle, whom he took to be Miss Paule, walked with Colonel Shannon, and the unknown girl supported the feeble steps of Madam Auderly.

Godfrey watched until the party had passed out of sight up the forest path that led them towards their home. Then he turned to notice that everybody had left the church premises except himself and the young clergyman, who seemed waiting to speak to him.

"You seem to be a stranger here, sir," said the latter, approaching him.

"A stranger in my native place, then, sir; but I have been absent many years, and times and acquaintances have changed. You, I believe, are one of the new comers?" said Godfrey.

"I am Gideon Willoughby, sir, pastor of Grace Church parish, at your service."

Godfrey bowed, replying—

"And I, reverend sir, am Godfrey Dulanie, late of Crossland, now student of law at Charlottesville, at *yours*."

"I am happy to know you, Mr. Dulanie. And now, sir, without further ceremony, if you have no more agreeable destination, I should be happy to have you return home and dine with me."

Now it had been Mr. Dulanie's first intention to return to his inn; but the temptation to stay and attend afternoon service, in the hope of again seeing that noble girl, was strong within him.

After a moment's reflection, he frankly accepted the minister's invitation, and accompanied him to the parsonage—a pretty cottage, in a well cultivated garden, a few rods off from the church. Here he was presented to Mr. Willoughby's young wife, a pretty little dark-haired woman, who made him quite welcome.

In the course of the dinner, it had several times occurred to Mr. Dulanie to speak of the unknown girl, and inquire her name and history; but ever a deeply respectful regard for her kept him silent.

At the hour for the afternoon service, he returned with Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby to church. He went to the same pew that he had occupied in the forenoon.

The church was not by two-thirds so well filled as in the morning—there are so few people who assist at afternoon service. None of the Auderly family were present, and a feeling of deep disappointment was beginning to manifest itself, as he vainly watched the door, and eagerly examined every new arrival.

At last the desired of his eyes appeared. How his heart rebounded at sight of her. She came gravely up the aisle, and took her place in the seat she had occupied in the morning.

Not only in the pew in which she sat, but in the whole front line of pews, she was the only person; yet in her wrapt devotion she seemed unconscious of, or indifferent to, this circumstance. Her manner was more than grave and reverential—it was serious, earnest, fervent, yet without a shade of sanctimoniousness or asceticism.

Godfrey Dulanie was spell-bound to the contemplation of the soul's beauty irradiating her sweet and noble countenance.

Now whether there was anything in his covert and respectful, though fixed regards, to magnetize the subject, I do not know; but suddenly she lifted her eye-lids and met his gaze!—the sudden glances of those large and brilliant dark gray eyes thrilled his soul with a deep, strange, painful joy. He colored like a detected trespasser, and fixed his gaze upon his book.

And when, a few minutes afterward, he stole a glace at her face, he noticed, with peculiar pleasure, that *her* eyes were cast down, and her pale cheek delicately flushed. How his heart beat! What a magnetic girl was this, that the glance of her eye, the dropping of her eyelashes, the flushing of her cheek, had power to thrill and agitate his whole frame, as by a charge of electricity.

In the morning, it had seemed to him that should this royal-browed girl really be that which she looked, he could wait patiently and toil cheerfully long years in the certain prospect of possessing her at last.

But this afternoon, when her presence shook him like a storm, he felt that to *wait for her*, he must fly her neighborhood.

And instead of attending to the services, he began to calculate—should she prove what he supposed her—how soon he might, properly, get presented to her, cultivate her acquaintance, woo her affections, propose for her hand, and make her his wife! Yes! how soon he might, without madness, gallop over these succeeding steps to the goal of his happiness.

He concluded that, under favorable auspices, he could effect all this in one month!

Then came up another subject of calculation—how long would it take him to graduate in the law school? when might he get admitted to the bar? how soon should he be able to get into a living practice?

He decided that, with double diligence, all this might be accomplished in two years!

But in the meantime, after paying his college fees, how far would the residue of his four thousand dollars go towards supporting a wife? That she was as poor, and poorer than himself, and still less accustomed to luxuries of the table and extravagances of the toilet, he felt convinced of and rejoiced at.

He therefore concluded that the remnant of his four thousand dollars, college fees subtracted, would go very far indeed towards supporting such an humble establishment as would content himself and his chosen wife, until he should get into practice, and begin to reap the golden harvest of fame and riches of which he dreamed.

His course was now clear—to get, as soon as possible, an introduction to this noble-browed girl. If he should find her what he expected, the rest would follow.

He had refrained, in the forenoon, from inquiring her name; but after this evening there would be no opportunity, for a whole week, of ascertaining it. To wait seven more days for that knowledge was simply impossible. He resolved that after service he would make an opportunity of seeking the desired information from Mr. Willoughby.

So through the whole afternoon service, between his stolen glances at the unknown girl, he thought, planned and dreamed, while the minister of God preached a sermon suited to his needs, had he listened to it, from the text—

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you."

When the services were over and the congregation dispersed, Godfrey Dulanie found that the desired of his eyes and heart had disappeared among the crowd. In vain he sought her everywhere; she had vanished! And while he was still seeking her, the people were scattering and hurrying away to their several homes, to escape the storm that was seen to be gathering in the west. And before he had thought to follow their example, his shoulder was touched by a friendly hand, and turning around, he saw Mr. Willoughby by his side.

"You cannot possibly get home before the storm bursts; it is beginning to rain already, and hark to that thunder! You will have to come under my umbrella and walk home with me, to take refuge at the parsonage," said the minister.

Godfrey Dulanie bowed, and looked up at the sky.

From north to south, all along the western horizon, extended a great black cloud, with lurid, copper-colored edges, like smoke and fire. Muttering thunder and large single drops of rain, warned him that the storm was about to burst.

"I think, sir, I shall be compelled to accept your obliging offer," replied Mr. Dulanie, smiling.

"Come on, then, sir! There is no time to lose in compliments," answered the minister, hoisting his large, tent-like umbrella, and offering his arm to his invited guest.

With a bow of thanks Godfrey came under the shelter, and they took their way towards the parsonage.

Now, then, was an opportunity of learning the name and circumstances of the unknown girl. But the rain was now falling fast, the wind was blowing, the path was rough, and conversation was difficult, so Godfrey, with an epicurean's taste, deferred the luxury of hearing of his beloved, until he could enjoy it under the shelter of Mr. Willoughby's pretty cottage roof.

CHAPTER III.

TRUE LOVE.

He had a kindred being sought,
  Had searched, with restless care,
For that true, earnest, woman soul,
  Among the bright and fair.
He could not rest, he felt for him
  One such his God created,
Whose maiden soul in quietude
  On his call meekly waited.

Mrs. Seba Smith.

They got into the parsonage before the storm fully burst. Mr. Willoughby opened the left side-door, and showed his guest into the parlor.

The room was empty.

"Where is your young mistress, Peggy?" inquired the pastor of the little negro girl who came to take his hat and umbrella.

"Done gone up stairs 'long o' Miss Honora Paul, sir," replied Peggy.

"Miss Honora Paule! She here!" exclaimed the minister, in surprise.

"Yes, marser. She done run in here out'n de rain, an' gone up stairs 'long o' mis' to take off her bonnet."

"Mr. Dulanie, since there are ladies in the case, perhaps you would like to go to my room and arrange your toilet," said the minister, smiling.

"I am a little dishevelled, certainly," replied Godfrey, running his fingers through his disordered locks of jet black hair. And he arose to follow his kind host, who led him across the hall to an opposite chamber on the same floor. Here he found a washstand, dressing-table, and their several appointments.

Godfrey washed his face, combed his hair, brushed the rain-drops from his clothes, drew down his vest, pulled up his collar, turned down his cuffs, etc., etc., etc., and declared himself prepared to wait upon the ladies—"Though it will be a tremendous bore to have to sit all the evening and do the agreeable to that superfine belle, Miss Honora Paule."

The minister, who had followed Godfrey's example in attention to his toilet, and who was now quite ready, opened the door, and attended his guest back to the parlor.

As they entered the room, Mrs. Willoughby sprung up, and hastened to meet and welcome her unexpected guest.

But even while she was shaking hands with him, and he was politely expressing the pleasure he felt in being thus forced to take up his quarters at the parsonage for the evening, he caught a glimpse of another figure seated by the window, the sight of whom made his heart bound, and his brain reel. And while the scene was still swimming before him, and while he still believed that image to be an optical illusion—the creature of his own fancy, Mrs. Willoughby led him up to the figure, and said, with a prettily simulated formality—

"Miss Honora Paule, permit me to present to you Mr. Godfrey Dulanie. Mr. Dulanie, Miss Paule;" and before Godfrey had time to recover from his astonishment, the unknown girl, unknown now no longer, arose and placed her hand in his, and said, with the sweetest smile, and in the sweetest tones:

"I am very happy to meet you, sir. I have not forgotten my old, old playmate, although Mr. Dulanie has evidently forgotten Honora Paule!"

Godfrey Dulanie bowed deeply over the hand she had given him, and as he respectfully resigned it, and placed himself at her side, he replied—

"Miss Paule possesses a better memory for acquaintances than the prosperous usually possess for friends less favored by fortune."

"Fortune? She is a heathen goddess. I do not fall down and worship her," answered Honora, with sweet dignity.

Some foreheads look like thrones!
Hers looked such an one now!

Mr. Dulanie bowed in deference to her remark. He could as yet scarcely trust himself to speak again. A host of bewildering impressions crowded upon him. The first, the most painful of these, was the sense of an overwhelming catastrophe—his great castle in the air falling down upon his head, and crushing all his hopes beneath its ruins! His "queen consort" in one moment found and lost!

Here before him was the ideal of his soul—the desired of his heart—the delight of his eyes! alas, no equal of his own in adverse fortune! No daughter of the people was she, whom he could ask to toil struggling beside him, up life's steep and rugged ascent! but the great, moneyed celebrity of the county!—the great, landed heiress, to whose lofty alliance only men of the highest rank, fortune, and distinction might dare to aspire.

And for him, a poor student at law, to pretend to the hand of Honora Paule would seem presumptuous, mercenary, mad! Memory was busy also, traveling backward through the past to pause upon the one bright morn when at a May-day festival he had danced with Honora Paule. She was then a child of six years of age, he a boy of twelve. Yet she had remembered him, while he had totally forgotten her—but that was natural, for doubtless he had changed less in features than she had.

Not long lingered his mind on the past; it came wearily back to the painful present to dwell amid the fragments of his shattered dream.

Alas! she was not for him, he thought; as well might he love bright Luna, the calm queen of night, and hope to bring her down to beam for him alone, as to think of Honora Paule, with the remotest wish to wed her. Hence, all that remained for him to do—his duty—was to battle with and conquer the infatuation that had taken possession of him.

This storm of thought, feeling and resolution hurried through his mind in the few moments that he stood listening and replying to Miss Paule.

And before it became absolutely necessary for him to force himself to speak again, they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby and Ernest Heine, the brother of the latter, a dark-haired and dark-eyed young man, with a highly intellectual and somewhat melancholy expression of countenance, and grave and thoughtful manners and conversation—and every one said—was even more adapted than his brother to the discharge of a clergyman's duties.

Mr. Willoughby brought him up to the group; and after both gentlemen had paid their respects to Miss Paule, the former presented the latter to his guest—in the following quaint style:

"Mr. Dulanie, allow me to introduce to your favorable notice my brother-in-law, a young student of medicine, under Doctor Henry Hawe, and a gentleman whose questionable initials form a note of interrogation."

"Eh?" said Godfrey, looking up from his reverie, in some embarrassment, through inability to comprehend the speaker.

"Exactly, 'E. H!' Ernest Heine! Mr. Dulanie, Mr. Heine."

Godfrey arose, bowed, and sat down again, in augmented bitterness of spirit. He had recognized in Mr. Heine the young gentleman, who at the village inn had spoken with so much enthusiasm of Miss Paule. He saw him take the seat on her other side, and at once with the air of an old friend enter into conversation with her. And the pangs of jealousy were added to those of desponding love. To make matters worse, Mr. Willoughby drew him into discourse, so that he could no longer have the tantalizing pleasure of listening to her voice in tete-a-tete with his supposed rival.

Did his countenance betray his sorrow, and did she perceive it?

He was almost tempted to believe so, for through his covert glances, he noticed that her eyes were frequently turned towards him; and at last in meeting her eyes, she slightly flushed; and soon after, with a bow and smile, she terminated her tete-a tete, and moving around, addressed a remark to Mr. Willoughby, which opened a discussion, through which the conversation became general.

It was now that the light of her glorious soul beamed forth.

The subject under debate was the indisputable prevalence of social evil, and the inefficiency of legal statutes to prevent crime. The prison systems, with their doubtful tendencies, were considered. Capital punishment, and the recently started question of its abolishment, was discussed.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby took the cautious, conservative view.

Miss Paule assumed a more enlightened, liberal and humane position.

Mr. Willoughby said—low, uneducated, unregenerate men were like animals whose selfishness, brutality and violence would only be governed by *fear*; that fear of imprisonment was the best safeguard to property; fear of the gallows, the best protective of life; fear of consequences generally the best preventive of crime, etc., etc., etc.

Godfrey Dulanie listened to the minister's words; but looked, the while, upon Honora's face—that grew upon his vision as the face of a young archangel; under her broad, majestic brow, her large eyes, fixed intently on the speaker, glowed like two luminous stars; a soft flush reddened her cheeks; her lips as if touched with heavenly fire glowed and quivered with the utterance that would not be repressed. And as soon as the minister ceased, she replied.

Honora said that punishment was retaliation; retaliation was vengeance; and vengeance, the offspring of hate and fear, whence no good could ever come. That fear was the basest of all bad passions—the basest to feel in ourselves, the basest to appeal to in others; that it was our own fears for the safety of life and property that instigated us to act upon the fears of others to ensure the preservation of those treasures; that as fear was the worst motive, so force was the worst means; that the treatment of evil doers should not be vindictive, but reformatory, should not seek to crush but to save; that the one great redeeming power on earth, as in heaven, was—Faith as opposed to Fear—Good as opposed to Evil; in one word, LOVE as opposed to HATE—eternal, omniscient, omnipotent love.

Honora spoke warmly, earnestly, enthusiastically, light streaming from her eyes, color burning on her cheeks, as the words glowed upon her lips.

Godfrey watched her, wondering no longer that people called her most beautiful, for her strongly characteristic countenance was the medium of a high spiritual beauty of which the most classic regularity of feature could not have been susceptible. For how could the pretty little receding forehead of "the world-renowned statue," the Medicean Venus, compare with *her* royal breadth of brow? Or the far-famed black eyes of the Andalusian girls, with their simple *repertoire* of flashing and melting, compare with *her* clear, brilliant gray eyes, with their sudden brightenings and varying shades, that truly rendered every shade of thought or feeling? Or how could the settled bloom of any perfect wax-doll complexion vie with the delicate paller of *her* cheek with its sudden flashes of electric fire? These were the lover's questions, and not mine!—the lover's questions, as his eyes, and heart and soul hung entranced upon her countenance. Perhaps the unconscious fixedness of his regard magnetized her attention for she turned and met the eyes of Godfrey, and with sudden self-consciousness, blushed deeply at having been so far drawn out in debate, and became silent.

"You must all receive Miss Paule's views, especially upon the subject of capital punishment, with a degree of allowance. Miss Honora has a very vital interest in having the death penalty abolished," he said, turning lightly to that young lady.

But to the astonishment of Godfrey, Honora turned deadly pale, compressed her lips and clenched her hands as if compelling down some rising and almost overwhelming emotion.

Mr. Dulanie guessing that the minister had somehow made an unlucky speech, hastened to do away its effects by laughingly saying—

"*I* take an especially personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?"

Honora started, fixed her eyes intently upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them answered—

"I do not know. There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. If we are to place confidence in history, there are many recorded testimonies to the truth of astrology. And I do not reject a science or a theory because I do not understand it."

"When you hear Honora Paule talk in that style, I would simply remind you, that the great Doctor Johnson believed in ghosts!" said Mr. Willoughby.

Without heeding this remark, Miss Paule turned to Mr. Dulanie and said—

"Sir, why did you ask me if I believed in astrology?"

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near, with eager interest.

"Yes, madam," replied Mr. Dulanie, smiling, a prediction which, if I believed, would certainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the death penalty."

Honora was listening, her chin resting upon her hand, her eyes fixed upon his face, in earnest attention.

"Miss Paule, you do not probably recollect the Arabian Dervis, Achbad, who, some years ago, attended by an interpreter, traveled through the country, casting horoscopes, exposing the past, revealing the present and predicting the future?"

"Oh yes! I do!" exclaimed Honora, in a low and thrilling tone that caused Mr. Dulanie to look from her to her friends in surprise and inquiry.

"She has good reason to remember the Dervis, Achbad," said Mrs. Willoughby, replying to his look.

"He cast your horoscope, possibly?" observed Mr. Dulanie, turning to Miss Paule.

"He did; but go on with your story, Mr. Dulanie," replied Honora, without relaxing her fixed and almost painful attention.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

Listen, gentle lady, now,
Awful hands have marked thy brow.

"My story," replied Godfrey Dulanie, "is short but very singular. Three years since, while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Achbad, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue.

"Idleness and curiosity combined to lead me to his rooms, which were situated in the fourth story of an obscure lodging-house in a back street, and where I found a leather-colored old gentleman, in a voluminous white turban, and an ample, flowing black robe, bound around his waist with a white scarf, and bordered around the sweeping skirts with the sign of the zodiac in white. This was the Egyptian Astrologer."

"Some clever Yankee actor," suggested Mr. Willoughby.

"No, sir! he had the unmistakeable Egyptian features. Impostor he might have been! Yankee or European he was not!"

"Well, sir! well! the astrologer—?" inquired Honora, who was eagerly listening.

"Well, Miss Paule, this old man, this soi-disant astrologer, I found with appropriate surroundings—skulls, cross-bones and skeletons; serpents, toads and lizards; stills, crucibles and cauldrons occupied the floor. Maps of unknown countries, probably Hades, and charts of unknown figures—probably necromantic—adorned the walls. At the upper end of the room was a large circle of wood painted black and set up perpendicularly against the wall, like a huge, round, black-board, and covered with mystic figures drawn in white. Opposite this at the other extremity of the room was a large mystic mirror.

"The only personal attendant of the old astrologer was the French interpreter.

"I made known my business, whereupon he put me through many preliminary degrees too tedious to mention, and then began to unroll my whole life.

"He told me first of the past, of the loss of my mother, my father, and then of my home.

"I guessed that he was humbugging me, that he saw 'alone' written legibly upon my brow, and only read it aloud. So I told him that I had not come thither to inquire of the past, which was well known to me, but to hear of the future, of which I was ignorant.

"Whereupon he required a night to cast my horoscope. He demanded, and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went——"

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horoscope was a *horror*-scope indeed! It predicted for me—*a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death!*"

"Good Heaven! But—the details?"

"It prophecied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass."

"And that was?"

"The loss of my patrimonial estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding that he continued silent, she said—

"Well, Mr. Dulanie, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No, sir; I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone, "It was to be my marriage with the woman I should *worship*."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause broken at length by her voice, as she gently enquired—

"And the fourth?"

The answer came reluctantly and in tones so low as to meet only her ear.

"The fourth and last prediction was, that *before my twenty-fifth birthday, I should perish on the scaffold.*"

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two, she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet firmness—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby, who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then practising in that city. And after some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birthday, I should be a bride but never a wife, for that *the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the nuptial benediction and the bridal chamber.* Such were the words of the prophecy!" She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

There was a pause, interrupted at length by Godfrey Dulanie, who, in a tone so grave that it partook of rebuke, enquired—

"But assuredly a woman of Miss Paule's intellectual power and, above all, of her Christian faith, can never for an instant give serious credence to such absurd pagan mummeries."

Immediately after making this presumptuous speech, Mr. Dulanie felt conscious that he might have given offence, and he turned with anxiety to note its effect upon Miss Paule.

But Honora had no morbid self-love to be so easily affronted. Her brilliant eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of confidence, respect and gratitude, as she bowed her head and replied—

"You think this a weakness, and I thank you for letting me know that you do—"

"Miss Paule, I do beseech you, pardon me!"

"Pardon? I said I *thanked* you, and I really do? pray *always* speak to me with the same frankness. To return to our first subject. I know not really what quantity or quality of belief I accord to this wandering astrologer. Phrenologists give me large ideality, sublimity, marvelousness and veneration—these go to form a very grand reverence for the spiritual and supernatural—"

"But your reason, Miss Paule, should arm you against such superstition—pardon me! Again I am presuming."

"No, you are not. And my reason does not arm me with incredulity; reason only assures me that I should not reject a science because I cannot comprehend it. And my reading teaches me that the Egyptians claim to be the last depositaries of the lost art of foretelling the future, and that the frequent fulfillment of their predictions are on record. As regards myself, Mr. Dulanie, I confess to you, that despite of faith and reason, this dark prophecy sometimes overshadows my spirit."

"I wonder at that."

"Aye—in my most devotional hours, and in my gayest moments, the memory of this prediction, like the black wing of a fiend, suddenly swoops down upon me, changing all my brightness and gayety into gloom and horror!"

"The mountebanks! They should not be suffered to wander up and down the country, scattering their seeds of misery, and——"

"Taking captive the ears of foolish women, you would say."

"Nay—I would say nothing so arrogant."

"Well," said Miss Paule, with a solicitude to set herself right in his opinion, which was "excessive sweet" flattery to the heart of her companion, "thus much I must speak in self-defence—that, had the prediction of which I speak involved only my own life—had it been foretold that Honora Paule must die thus prematurely and ignominously, I could, believe me, look bravely in the face of fate, nor shudder to meet it when it comes! That is natural! The most selfish among us can suffer with more fortitude than we can see a friend suffer; can die with more courage than we can see another die. But that this early and shameful death should have been foretold me of one whom I was foredoomed to love——" She paused, shuddering, and then exclaimed—"But this is very culpable weakness! Surely, it must be the gathering in of this gloomy evening that so oppresses my spirits—it can be nothing else. God reigns! and I appeal from the astrologer's fell predictions to His omnipotent protection!"

Then shaking off the shadow from her brow, and speaking with bright cheerfulness, she called out—

"Mr. Willoughby, how goes the night? Will there be a probability of my returning home this evening?"

The minister, who, with his wife and brother-in-law, formed a little self-constituted committee upon Sunday schools, now spoke up in reply—

"Miss Honora, hearken to that rain! No living creature shall leave my roof to-night for any bourne whatever, except it be stout Peter, whom I shall send to the Manor House, to apprise your friends of your whereabouts."

"Very well, Mr. Willoughby. You are aware that I never carry on a contest, at the end of which I am sure of defeat! I yield myself your captive!" said Honora, gaily.

Godfrey Dulanie arose and walked to the window, thence to the door, and finally up to Mr. Willoughby, whom he addressed—

"I fear, sir, notwithstanding the state of the weather, that I shall be under the necessity of bidding you good evening."

"Mr. Dulanie! I presume you heard the observation I addressed to Miss Paule, and which is equally applicable to yourself, and also to my brother Ernest, here. Likewise, I suppose you are sufficiently well acquainted with these mountains, to know that it will be impossible for you to ascend it to-night, or even to-morrow. Finally, I suppose that no urgent business calls you to Altamont. Moreover, listen to that rain!" said the minister, triumphantly.

The rain was indeed increasing, and beating with great violence against the house. There was no gainsaying it. Still, however, Godfrey hesitated, until his host leaned forward and whispered him, with an arch look—

"*Do as you like, else I'll make you!*"

With a sigh that was certainly not one of regret, Mr. Dulanie yielded the point, thanked his friend, and consented to remain, as he secretly wished to do, the guest of the house that sheltered Honora Paule.

Lights were then brought in, and Mrs. Willoughby went out to give orders for tea, which was soon served.

After supper, when the company were re-assembled in the parlor, Mr. Willoughby said—

"Come, Miss Paule, we cannot let the opportunity of your presence this evening pass unimproved. The storm has lulled. I know you will favor us with one of Haydn's or Beethoven's grand anthems!" and rising, he took the hand of Honora, and led her to the organ, that, instead of a piano, graced the minister's parlor.

Without stooping to any of the insincere apologies in vogue with young ladies upon such occasions, Miss Paule seated herself before the organ, and, amid a profound silence, commenced a slow and solemn prelude, and then with her voice struck into the sublime strains of—

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Not a whisper was uttered, scarcely a breath was drawn, as that awful melody arose and swelled upon the air.

"The voice of the musician was a rich double contralto of surpassing depth and compass. She sang with a perfect self-surrender, pouring her whole soul in song.

Her head was raised, her dark hair swept back from her wide forehead, her clean eyes lifted; and as the anthem ascended, how glorious with heavenly inspiration shone that broad white forehead, how splendid with dazzling light those clear gray eyes!

For the whole length of the piece, she held her audience spell-bound in celestial trance.

At its long-drawn close, while yet her fingers lingered on the keys, and her eyes soared aloft, the death silence that continued was the truest and most fitting tribute to the effect of her performance.

She was the first to recover from the spell that she had both created and shared. Quickly rising, she left the instrument and crossed the room to her own seat upon the sofa.

"That was magnificent!" exclaimed Mr. Heine, breaking the charm. "I doubt if the great work of the great master was ever better rendered."

"Yes, her performance of sacred anthems is admirable. And what is more, her skill is altogether the triumph of mind over matter; her voice is a made one, the effect of cultivation, not the gift of nature."

"What! those magnificent tones that filled all the air, that thrilled our hearts like a charge of electricity, those rich, deep, thrilling, thunderous tones——"

"Were Honora's own creation. Her natural voice was a falsetto. But her soul was full of music as a storm cloud of electricity, and with years of persevering toil and study she prepared its fitting utterance. You see the result."

While these two gentlemen talked apart, Godfrey Dulanie approached, and seated himself near Honora Paule. He had no word at all of commonplace compliment to pay her. Her music was above all praise—to have offered such a tribute would have been impertinent. But he might at least return thanks.

"In common with your friends, I am much indebted to you for a profound enjoyment, Miss Paule," he said.

"I am very happy in having pleased you, sir. You prefer sacred music, I imagine?"

"I do, much above every other sort."

"And so do I. I think the highest powers in music can only be drawn out in the praise of God; it is as though they had been religiously reserved for that service."

Godfrey bowed profoundly.

"It must be so," he said, "though this thought had not occurred to me."

Thus again they were launched into a tete-a-tete, which lasted until the social circle broke up for the night.

Then, with a "good night" that fell like a benediction, Honora Paule withdrew under the charge of Mrs. Willoughby.

"Ernest, you know where to find your bed," said the clergyman, putting a night lamp into the hands of his brother-in-law, who received it, and with a grave bow, left the parlor.

"And now, Sir Knight of the Awful Brow, I am at *your* command," smiled Mr. Willoughby, taking up the remaining taper to attend his last guest.

With a nod of assent Mr. Dulanie followed his host across the hall, to the chamber to which he had been first introduced.

"Here is your dormitory. There is your bell. If anything is wanted, ring an alarum. Sleep soundly. Dream pleasantly, so you do not dream of Honora Paule, for that would be 'Love's Labor Lost' with a vengeance!

'Man may not hope *her* heart to win,
Be *his* of common mold.'

Good night."

And so saying, the light-hearted host withdrew, and left his guest alone.

"Not dream of Honora Paule." Would he ever dream of anything else by night? Would he ever think of anything else by day? He had scarcely known her twelve hours; yet in that time, from every look, and tone, and gesture of hers, he had quaffed deep draughts of love, that seemed to have changed his whole personality and destiny.

"Not dream of Honora Paule," indeed! Why, henceforth she possessed him like an inspiring spirit, beat within his pulses, burned within his heart, thought within his brain—in a word, lived within his soul. He might never look upon her outward face again, after the next morning; but henceforth and forever, he felt that his soul was wedded to her idea.

For some time sleep was impossible; for though he closed his eyes, he still saw Honora Paule, with her ample white forehead, her dark hair swept back from the wide temples, and her clear, luminous, most expressive eyes, now soaring to the heavens in an upward flight, now dropped upon his face in an earnest, quiet, penetrating study, now looking for some wondrous truth or beauty in the distant horizon of human knowledge. Long after all the rest of the household were asleep, Godfrey Dulanie lay awake, haunted by the image of Honora Paule.

It was consequently late in the morning when he awoke. Aware of the early hours kept at country houses, he arose, and rung his bell.

It was answered by the little colored waiter Flight, who brought him his well cleaned boots, and supplied him with fresh water.

He made a hasty but careful toilet.

And then he left the room and went into the parlor, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine, awaiting him.

He greeted the circle, and looked anxiously around for another desired presence.

But Honora Paule was nowhere visible.

At a signal from the pastor all sat down for the reading of the scriptures, before the morning prayers. But Godfrey Dulanie did not derive much benefit rom the exercise.

"For ever close and near
A lady's voice was in his ear,
So that the priest he could not hear."

The chapter finished, they all knelt down. *Why did she not come?*

Perhaps she was late with her toilet—yet that was so simple too. It was discourteous not to wait for her. Such were his thoughts while wandering from his devotion, he watched the door.

But she came not. And when they had all arisen from their knees, Mrs. Willoughby smilingly announced that breakfast was served, and led the way to the dining room.

"Surely they will not sit down without their fair guest?" he said.

But they gathered around the table. When they had said grace and were seating themselves, he summoned resolution to say.

"I hope Miss Paule is well this morning?"

"Very well, as always? She has flitted!"

"Flitted?"

"Gone, departed, vanished!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHAT AN EYE DEAR.

Among the recent inventions of science is a false moveable eye, warranted to open and shut, squint, stare, wink, cry, and perform all the other operations of which the human eye is capable. Unfortunately, the inventor cannot promise that the false eye shall see, though we are well aware that looking at matters with a false eye is a very common practice. Ingenuity certainly goes a very great way in these days in supplying, by means of objects of art, the deficiencies of nature. We cannot enter an omnibus without being told through the medium of a conspicuous placard, that there is "No more gray hair;" though we cannot help taking it into our heads there is, for our own locks give the white lie to the flattering announcement. It is true we have not accepted the invitation to go to some emporium, and have our poor old head placed in some dyer's hands; for though we would do almost anything to render ourselves agreeable in the eyes of the world, we are not yet prepared to dye for it. Besides, we have seen specimens on some of our female friends, and we have great objections to a prismatic head of hair, which is the usual consequence of an attempt to turn gray into black, or a decided carrot into a delicious chesnut. We should like to see the experiment tried of how far the false may be made to supercede the true, in that decided matter of form, the human body. Legs and arms may be, and are, replaced by artificial means; teeth, hair, and eyes are to be bought singly or by the set; and who knows how many people we should find with false tongues, false hearts, and wooden heads, if we had but an opportunity of detecting them? We must confess that the notion of false eyes we see something very hard to real-ise.

An Old M

THE RUSTIC PAINTER.

BY ALICE CARY.

His sheep went idly over the hills—
  Idly down and up—
As he sat and painted his sweetheart's face
  On a little ivory cup.

All round him roses lay in the grass
  That were hardly out of buds;
For sake of her mouth and cheek, I knew
  He had murdered them in the woods.

The ant, that good little housekeeper,
  Was not at work so hard;
And yet the semblance of a smile
  Was all of his reward:

And the golden-belted gentleman
  That travels in the air,
Hummed not so sweet to the clover-buds
  As he to his picture there,

The while for his ivory cup he made
  An easel of his knee,
And painted his little sweetheart's face
  Truly and tenderly.

Thus we are marking on all our work,
  Whatever we have of grace;
As the rustic painted his ivory cup,
  With his little sweetheart's face.

◆

"DOWN HILL."

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend I heard the name of JOHN ANDERSON called.

"There is a hard case," remarked my friend.

I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and he plead guilty to the crime of THEFT. He was a tall man, but bent and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, sparse, and filthy; his face all bloated and bloodshot; his hair matted with dirt; and his bowed form quivering with delirium. Certainly I never saw a more pitiable object. Surely that man was not born a villain. I moved my place to obtain a fairer view of his face. He saw my movement, and he turned his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then, covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated, starting forward. "Wil——"

I had half spoken his first name when he quickly raised his head and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I then told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I could not remain and see that man tried. Tears came to my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I had gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

JOHN ANDERSON! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son! That was not his name; but you shall know him by no other. I will call him by the name that now stands upon the records of the court.

John Anderson was my school-mate; and it was not many years ago—not over twenty—that we left our academy together—he to return to the home of wealthy parents; I to sit down in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office for a few years, and then wander off across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned I found John a married man. His father was dead and had left his only son a princely fortune.

"Ah, C——," he said to me, as he met me at the railway station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark—a robin—a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang sweetly!"

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, too—so loving and so kind. Aye—she so loved John that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky fellow to find such a wife. And what a lucky woman to find such a husband; for John Anderson was as handsome as she. Tall, straight, manly, high-browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as ever artist copied. And he was good, too; and kind, generous, and true.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them—a fine old lady as ever breathed, and making herself constant joy and pride in doating upon her "Darling Boy," as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me when I left. She said she kissed me because I loved her "darling."

I did not see John again for four years. I reached his house in the evening. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly-headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friend's children. Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were a-bed and asleep, and then I could see that Ellen became troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to the sunshine of smiles could not wear a cloud concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed, and his eye looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a happy laugh—called me "Old Fellow," "Old Dog,"—said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said—

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling never can be a bad man."

"God grant it!" I thought to myself; and I know the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so even then had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.

"Oh," said he, with a laugh, "that was nothing. Only a little wine-party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."

At first I thought I would say no more; but was it not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew it himself. His appetites and pleasures bounded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas! too kind—too generous!

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?" He stopped me with—

"Don't be a fool! Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going *down hill*," I told him.

"Did she say so?" he asked, with a flushed face.

"No—I read it in her looks."

"Perhaps a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.

"I surely thought so when you came home," I replied.

Never can I forget the look he gave me then—so full of reproof, of surprise, and of pain.

"C——, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me again like that. I going down hill? You know better. That can never be. I know my own power. I know my own wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah—had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the "wild oats" which her son was sowing would surely grow up and ripen, only to furnish seed for re-sowing! But she loved him—loved him almost too well—or, I should say—too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him; and then we conversed upon other subjects. I could spend but one day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and sometimes oftener; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal, and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant church-yard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said, and as he spoke, I noticed a slight drooping of the head, as though it cut him to say so.

"What—John Anderson's wife?"

"No," he replied. "It is his mother;" and as he said this he turned away; but a gentleman who stood near, and had overheard our conversation, at once took up the theme.

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Did you ever know John Anderson?"

"He was my school-mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I told him.

He led me one side, and spoke as follows:

"Poor John! He was the pride of this town six years ago. This man opened his hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at most of them—the gayest of the gay, and the most generous of the party. In fact, he paid for nearly every one of them. Then he began to go down hill! And he has been going down ever since. At times true friends have prevailed upon him to stop; but his stops were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came, more dark and drear than before. He said he would never get drunk again; yet he would *take a glass of wine with a friend!* That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral expenses! That poor mother bore up as long as she could. She saw her son—her 'DARLING BOY,' she always called him—brought home drunk many times, and—*she even bore blows from him!* But she's at rest now! Her 'DARLING' wore her life away, and brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Oh! I hope this may reform him!"

"But his wife?" I asked.

"Her heavenly love has held her up thus far, but she is only a shadow of the wife that blessed his home six years ago."

My informant was deeply affected, and so was I, and I asked him no more.

During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after tea. I found John and his wife alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with love and hope. But, oh! she was changed—sadly, painfully so. They were glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

"Dear C——, don't say a word of the past," John urged, taking my hand a second time. "I know you spoke the truth to me five years ago. I was *going down hill!* But I've gone as far as I can. I stop here at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife. I have sworn, and my oath shall be kept. Ellen and I are going to be happy now."

The poor fellow burst into tears here. His wife followed suit; and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sight! The once noble, true man so fallen—become a mere broken glass, the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore!—a poor supf pliant at the feet of Hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife! And how I had honored and loved that man—and how I loved him still! Oh! I hoped—aye, more than hoped—I believed—he would be saved. And as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true, and so hopeful still, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before that God would hold him up—keep him up—lead him back to the top of the hill!

In the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys now—and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away John took me by the hand, and the last words he said, were—

"Trust me. Believe me now. I will be a MAN henceforth while life lasts!"

A little over two years more had passed, when I read in a newsprint the death of ELLEN ANDERSON. I started for the town where they had lived as soon as possible, for I might help—*some one!* A fearful presentiment had possessed my mind.

I stopped at the stately house where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it.

"Where is John Anderson?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. He's been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week!"

"And the children?"

"O – they both died before she did!"

I staggered back, and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct led me to the church-yard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, the wife, and two children slept in them!

"And what has done this?" I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping-places—

"THE DEMON OF THE WINE-TABLE!"

But this was not all the work. No, no. The next I saw—O, God!—was far more terrible! I saw it in the city court-room. But that was not the last—not the last!

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the huge lock—the ponderous door swung with a sharp creak upon its hinges—and I saw—a dead body suspended by the neck from a grating of the window! I looked at the horrible face—I could see nothing of John Anderson there—but the face I had seen in the court-room was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that was left on earth of him whom I had loved so well!

And this was the last of the DEMON'S work—the last act in the terrible drama! Ah—from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down—down—down—until the foot of the hill had been finally reached!

When I turned away from that cell, and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel-halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life-story of which I had been a witness into the ears of all living men!

◆

A STRIKING ADVENTURE.

Intelligence was sent to me, says a celebrated traveler, that a tigress I had followed up for two or three days, having wounded her slightly in the leg before, was lying under a Bergut tree. Out I went about twelve o'clock in the day, some three miles from my camp. On arriving, I saw it was a case of close quarters, as the Shikaree and the men about him only made signs, and would not speak; and on quietly asking where my "friend" was hanging out, they pointed to a large tree, certainly not more than twenty-five yards off. I took my rifle and stood facing the tree, just on the line of road my lady took on going out visiting. No sign was made: the men placed on the hights about commenced to shout and scream, and in one instant I heard the purring noise like a cat, but a thousand times louder. The Shikaree pressed my arm and told me to take a steady aim directly I saw her, as she was very ghussa (angry). Immediately after this she got up, and began walking up and down under the tree, as you see a tiger in a large cage, her tail lashing her sides, and sent at times slap over her back. All at once she saw me; rather stooped the fore part of her body, put back her ears as you see an angry cat, opened her mouth, gave three or four low growls, and showed me the whitest set of teeth I have ever yet seen without the use of tooth-powder. At this moment I leveled my gun and fired—struck her; and no sooner had the ball struck her, than, with one of the most fearful roars I have ever heard, down she came upon me. Thank God! I was steady and cool; fired the second barrel, hit, but could not stop her. I had just time to get my second gun from my Aid (that great man's son, who stood as steady as a rock: "may his shadow increase!") when she was upon me. I fired the right slap in her chest; but this was not enough for the infuriated brute. She got me down right on the broad of my back just as I was about pulling the left trigger. In her rage she turned a little and just took my foot in her mouth. On feeling the pressure, I managed to twist it out like lightning; and then she was on me, with one foot on each side of my chest. In being thrown down I had managed to keep hold of my gun, and, on the brute stooping down to worry me, I shoved it up in self-defence. She laid hold of it, shook it out of my hand like a straw, broke it into half-a-dozen pieces, and, in fact, expended all her rage upon it. The ball I had put into her chest began to tell; she reeled away from me about six yards, and dropped down *dead.* There was an escape for you! The tigress before this had dropped with one ball dead; but you see this brute, although with a mortal wound of which she died, might, before doing so, have killed a dozen such as me. Had she mangled my throat instead of the gun I luckily had in my hand, I should have been a lost sheep! The fellows round about would not believe their eyes on coming to lift me up, as I was covered all over with the blood of the tigress, that I was unhurt. You never heard such "Wah, wah'" in your life.

◆

THE FIRST WHITE CHILD.

The first white child born in Canada came into the world on the 24th day of October, 1621, and was christened the same day by the name of Eustache, being the name of Abraham and Margaret L'Anglois—(Parish Register of Quebec.) And, as a striking evidence of the artless and unsuspecting character of the natives living in the neighborhood of the European encampment, it may be noted that a number of them were present and looking on in quiet admiration and astonishment, as the ceremony, after the imposing form of the Catholic Church, was performed with all the possible show that the circumstances would permit; and that when, at the conclusion, a *feu-de-joie* was fired in honor of the event, the wondering sons of nature, instead of exhibiting those evidences of astonishment or of fear which might have been anticipated, stood gazing upon their new visitants in silent wonder—regarding them, doubtless, as of heavenly origin, and expecting more than belongs to beings of the same species with themselves—(Raynal). When the mistake was discovered, and they found, that the stranger was possessed of the same human passions and desires as themselves, that their former confidence had been misplaced, and their friendship but ill requited, the rage of jealousy succeeded to their wonted benevolence, and they struggled to rid themselves of him whom they no longer considered as a friend, but as a demoniacal enemy. "The contempt daily shown by the French adventurers to the natives, whom they affected to consider as a race of inferior beings, repaying their confidence and kindness with insult and injury, ultimately brought down upon them the fierce hatred of the oppressed savage, who, by example had been taught the detestable vices of deceit, treachery, and cruelty."—(Smith). Less than five years from this date, and the settlers hardly dared to move a few rods from their huts, to cultivate their lands, and those that ventured to sow their corn frequently had it destroyed by scouring parties of the Mowhawks, who spread desolation and horror wherever they went.

◆

SUCCESS.

The secret of success—what is it? In this country, among people who are equally protected and encouraged, it lies in the steady pursuit of intelligence, industry, temperance and frugality. There is no royal road to success—the path is oftenest humble. So far as outward comfort and competence constitute wealth, there is but a fraction of society who may not possess it, if each will but turn his or her hand and brain to the vocation for which their instincts and capacities most fit them. If the great fortunes which so dazzle the misjudging poor be analyzed, they will be found, in ninety-nine out of the hundred cases, to have sprung and matured from calm, patient, and simple toil—toil which had an endurance and faith behind, and an object and hope before it. So, too, with success in whatever man seeks to accomplish. A clown may stumble upon a splendid discovery in art or science, but a fixed general law provides that high achievement shall require profound and ceaseless labor. The price of success, except in isolate cases, is the devotion of one's life. He is a fool who trusts to any dream for possession or advancement, unless he connects with it the prudent exercise of his own energy and judgment. The little spring in the mountain rock becomes a brook, a torrent, a wide-rolling river, and part of the fathomless ocean, simply by pushing steadily and bravely forward.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

> "A boy's capacity may be dulled by too great strictness in correcting him. This at first gives him despondency, then pain, then aversion to study; and what is worst of all, when he is afraid of everything, he attempts nothing; for with his spirit he loses all his power."—*Quintillian.*
>
> "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—*Solomon.*
>
> "It is horrible cruelty—nay, even murder—not to punish a child."—*M. Luther.*

Well, gentlemen, you are *all* right, but you don't *all apply in all cases.*

If one is bound to ruin his children, the choice should be to do it by kindness, rather than by brutality; but there is not the least need of hanging on either horn of this dilemma. Let every mortal child that is brought into this world be taught to obey its parents; let it be taught this while it is a *little* child, not humored and petted to death then, and taught hundreds of naughty tricks, which it must afterwards be beaten to be broken of. If you can teach your child obedience without whipping him, so much the better; *don't* whip such a child—it is cruelty; but if he won't fear nor obey without stripes, lay them on; but don't be *looking* and *speaking* blows at him for a week afterwards. While gentle, respectful, and obedient children are the sweetest things on earth, there are few things more disagreeable and repulsive than badly managed and unruly children. No one can endure them, and their parents are justly despised.

Once get that central idea of unqualified obedience well grounded in your family, and your government stands firm. You need not be *all* the time laying on commands. Do not fetter your children; within certain limits leave them free; teach them that *their rights* shall be *just as much respected* as your own are; let them never have reason to doubt that you love them dearly, and that you punish them not for your own pleasure, or because you are angry and can safely vent your passion upon them, but for their good.

Children are clear-sighted and quick feeling. They know well enough what feelings are apparent in the minds of those who correct them, and there is *no possibility* of beating a child when you are yourself angry, or when you don't care for the pain you inflict without doing him an injury.

'Tis enough to make one sorry to hear of a new birth to reflect upon the wrongs which childhood is heir to. Poor little things! just starting upon a race for eternity, with only the time between birth and death given them to escape unenduring misery; and yet they are almost always set on a wrong track at the very beginning. Either by too much rigor and severity or by a weak and injudicious indulgence they are started wrong, wrong, all wrong; and hard indeed is it for them to right themselves when left to go on their way alone. If parents and teachers would spare some of their threats and then *perform* what they promise they would find the benefit of it.

"You put your foot out of doors, and I'll whip you as sure as you live," says a mother to her little girl. Pretty soon she sees Miss Lot out on the grass plot. Out she flies and jerks the baby in with—

"What did I tell you? Aren't you going to mind me? Now go out there *again* if you think it's your best way."

Baby *does* think it is her best way; for out she goes again, as soon as her mother's back is turned. After awhile the long-promised whipping comes, but baby is very much astonished at it. She had no idea that mamma really meant to do as she said. She had heard such threats too many times when, like many a low rumbling thunder-cloud, they had passed harmless by.

It is a pity that mothers will teach lessons of infidelity and falsehood to their dear children; but such a course as this does it. Make your offspring believe thoroughly in *you;* and it is a long step, and a *sure* one, toward their belief in *God.*

◆

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Never marry a woman merely because she has a handsome face or a well-turned figure; for we soon become insensible to angelic forms and faces. If her countenance has life and intelligence—if her figure is passable—if her walk and carriage are modest and lady-like—and if the whole appearance indicate she has mind, heart, and soul, why she is worth all the simpering, mincing, flirting, affected misses that ever brought good looks as their only marriage dower. If the fair one you are addressing is rich in houses, lots, farms, bank-stock, or railway shares, her worldly gear should not prove an insurmountable objection; but if she is poor like yourself so much the better. There is nothing like a young couple, about the age of twenty, starting in life with fond hearts, clear heads, easy consciences, and empty pockets. You have something to live for, to hope for, to work for, to love for! Your early struggles with the crosses of this cross world will only bind you the closer to your young, ardent, and loving wife; and then those long, cold, cosy winter evenings—how delightful to sit by your humble hearth, after the toils of the day are over, conjuring up bright visions of the future, occasionally looking down to catch a look from a pair of dark, loving, sympathising eyes, that fairly dissolve your heart in one sweet, gushing, trembling stream of tenderness, affection, pure devotion, and bright, joyous, and undying love! Never marry a girl without having some faint idea of her temper and disposition. It is possible you have been visiting her nightly for a twelvemonth; but still you do not know her. Remember, every time you pay her a visit, you put on, not only your best clothes, but your best looks, and you may take our word for it, that on all such occasions she is in the same predicament.

◆

LAWFUL STRUGGLES.

When we feel any pressure of distress we are not to conclude that we can only obey the will of heaven by languishing under it, any more than when we perceive the pain of thirst we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the hand of God, it is an act of favor or of punishment; but since all the ordinary dispensations of Providence are to be interpreted according to the general analogy of things, we may conclude that we have a right to remove one inconvenience as well as another; that we are only to take care unless we purchase ease with gilt; and that our Maker's purpose, whether of reward or severity, will be answered by the labors which he lays us under the necessity of performing.

◆

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, ana which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

PROFUSENESS OF CREATION.

BY A. M.

With what amazing abundance does the Creator lavish his riches! When he makes anything, he does it not by rule and measure. He never makes only enough of a thing; there is always some to spare. He scatters his flowers and his fruits with overwhelming bounty. The different forms of life with which his thoughts are clothed are numberless. He is no niggard in dispensing food or favor.

Earth, air, sea, forest, and mead are teeming with myriad forms and modes of life—the animal and the vegetable creation speak loudly of the generosity and exhaustless treasures of the Great Creator. Who can compute the number of flowers in one small field? Who can count the number of blossoms on one small tree? or tell how many living creatures inhabit one square foot of grass, or one yard of sedge by the side of a stream? There are more blossoms than ever become fruit—more small fruit than ever reaches perfection. Provision ample and ungrudging is made for all failure, all waste.

Looking upward on a starry night one would think that nothing was so cheap as worlds; and yet the glittering array which meets the eye is but as the window show of a diamond merchant compared to the unimaginable riches of worlds—of plants, and suns, and systems, in the vast universe of God.

◆

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as time are also annihilated, so that almost while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired: he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awaking in the fright, found that he had not been in bed ten minutes.

◆

RISING IN THE WORLD.

Now that a man may make money, and rise in the world, and associate himself, unreproached, with people once above him, not only is the natural discontentedness of humanity developed to an unheard-of extent, whatever a man's position, but it becomes a veritable shame to him to remain in the state he was born in, and everybody thinks it his duty to try to be a "gentleman." Persons who have any influence in the management of public institutions for charitable education know how common this feeling has become. Hardly a day passes but they receive letters from mothers who want all their six or eight sons to go to college, and make the grand tour in the long vacation, and who think there is something wrong in the foundation of society, because this is not possible. Out of every ten letters of this kind, nine will allege, as the reason of the writers' importunity, their desire to keep their families in such and such a "station of life." There is no real desire for the safety, the discipline, or the moral good of the children—only a panic horror of the inexpressible, pitiable calamity of their living a ledge or two lower on the mole-hill of the world—a calamity to be averted at any cost whatever of struggle, anxiety, and shortening of life itself.

◆

SPEAKING WELL OF OTHERS.

If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box, which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections, and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults, which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule, however, when there is occasion for fault-finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual, which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failing of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

◆

WIT.

There is no more interesting spectacle tnen to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men—than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age, and pain, and care to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men near together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind! Man conld direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

◆

ALWAYS BUSY.

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who start our railroads and steamboats, our machine shops and our manufactories Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work, doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives the more he feels like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We should rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirlwind than sneaking from a cloud.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

Our only terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. It will be useless for parties to write us insisting on our taking large clubs at lower rates. An elegant family paper like the Ledger, (containing no advertisements, and beautifully illustrated,) cannot be afforded at less than these terms. We always stop the paper at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, you should renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

All Letters containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to Robert Bonner, New York Ledger office, No. 44 Ann street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send your money direct to this office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler. The best way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

CHRISTMAS.

A "merry Christmas" to the readers of the Ledger, and to all the great brotherhood of man. Day commemorative of his birth, before whose unvailing of the Athenians' "unknown God," the deities of Superstition and Philosophy "paled their ineffectual fires," and the altars of Lama, Zoroaster, and Vishnu crumbled to the dumb dust of which their impotent gods were fashioned. Most blessed and memorable of days, which brought light and promise into the world, so that no man should thereafter sit in darkness, or travail over his future in terror and despair. Day ushered by that "Star in the East," which the shepherds saw and followed unto Bethlehem, in Judea, where they beheld the "young child" Jesus, the Son of God and Saviour of men, on whose large brow

> "The radiance of the God-head shone
> In luminous circle."

Yes, a merry Christmas, for least of all should man be sad on that day, which, crowning all other of the manifold bounties of God with a surpassing grace, not only fitted the measure of mortal blessing, but added thereto the ineffable joys of immortality. And yet, we would not have our friends make merry of the day in a trivial spirit, but with a sober gladness, betokening a consciousness of its origin; of the lessons and examples of him with whom it came, and of the unspeakable benefits it has witnessed for men. Childhood, indeed, cannot perceive all the significance of Christmas, though it was Christ who said, "suffer little children to come unto me;" let them, therefore, be jubilant after childhood's fashion, by the uphanging of stockings, and by day-dreams and night-visions of sweet interchanges to come—of pleasant gifts to be given and received, of Christmas-trees freighted with delights, of puddings bursting with plums, and all that sensual typing of paradise in "good things," which the older may perceive in celestial but which childhood must have in terrestrial forms.

But amid the sober joy and vivacious merriment of Christmas—amid our givings and receivings and feastings, let us all remember the severities of this wintry time, and that they are momently falling upon thousands of pitiful sufferers all around us, some of whom have neither fireside nor feast; some of whom are pressed by the hand of disease, with death staring them in the face; some of whom may be vicious and criminal, but more of whom are poverty-and-sorrow-striken for reasons inscrutable to man, yet all of whom are "men and brethren," children of the same great Father and merciful God, and for whom Christ lived and died. Let us remember these, with kind words and open palms, and the happier their days—Christmas or other—are made by our good deeds, the more joyful will be ours.

OUTSET IN LIFE.

Who that has ever seen the young about to embark on the great sea of the "world," can have failed to mark the elasticity of spirit with which they enter on the new stage of existence? The present is regarded as nothing, the past is looked on as a watch of the night, and the future alone is esteemed the end and object of life. Age takes its pleasures from "memory;" youth centres its joys in the "hope" of the future; philosophy, which belongs neither to the young or old exclusively, has regard to the present, and sobers its visions of what is to come by the experience of what has already gone before. The young have had no experience, and time alone must be their monitor. The silver hairs, and the furrowed brow, and the tottering step, must all come ere ever we fully realize the unwelcome truth that, in all our schemes and prospects of enjoyment, distance alone has lent enchantment to the view, that under the fairest pleasures there have ever lurked insidious thorns, and that the gorgeous shapes that have floated before us in golden magnificence have been but as monster soap-bubbles, which the first breath of air shattered into annihilation.

* * *

"My son," said Mr. N., "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep two women—if I'd married a Yankee girl, I'd have had to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

The above, though designed for a joke, is too truthful to be passed over as a mere piece of frivolity. It contains a just reproach which, we hope, all right-thinking "Yankee girls" will profit by. It is text and sermon combined, and we give it a place with a sincere wish that some of our young lady readers who think it a degradation to do "housework," after they have caught a husband, may reap advantage from it.

* * *

Gin is made of the best barley, and is flavored with a berry which, we think, is peculiar to certain parts of Italy.

We are not certain about the best barley; but we can speak confidently as to the berry. That is not, however, peculiar to Italy—but to all parts of the civilized world. *Here* we spell it *bury*, and it is generally to be found flourishing in grave-yards.

WHEREFORE?

Wherefore is it, as some of our contemporaries have asserted, that there are men of intelligence and property—and natives, too—among us, who would not regret to see a monarchical rule take the place of our republican government. We think we understand wherefore it is. These murmurers at republicanism have, unfortunately for a fair judgment, lived in a tumultuous city all their days—in a city, the population of which is heterogeneous beyond a parallel, and where from time to time the municipal rule has been lax, malverse, and sometimes corrupt and evil in the extreme. These monarchy-loving citizens, looking upon the misrule of our city, and feeling year by year a more burthensome weight of taxes, have, in their visits to the capitals of Europe, observed with surprise that under the monarchy there is no lax municipal rule; the laws protecting life, and property, and health, are clear and equal for all, and that the violation—which is comparatively seldom, is promptly and sternly punished. All this is apparent to any one who passes from the study of our municipalities to those of Europe—say in the cities of London, Paris, Vienna and Madrid.

But all who have observed this, have not short-sightedly drawn the inference that, because monarchical municipal rule conserves the highest order in the great cities of Europe, the monarchy must, forsooth, bring equal blessing upon whole nations. There is that, necessarily, in the life of a crowded, jostling, competitive population, that calls for a more arbitrary and prompt rule than is required by the sparse population of the country. And it is because the law-and-ordinance makers under the monarchy have understood this necessity, and vigorously applied this stringent rule, that the capitals do seem—and no doubt really are—better governed than ours. Fewer crimes are committed there, and crime is more vigilantly and effectively pursued. Order is not more "Heaven's first law," than it is the first business of monarchical rulers. They are not satisfied unless "order reigns in Warsaw."

No American who has observed well abroad, can dispute the superiority of European municipal governments, in all that relates to public order, and the protection of life and property. But such persons must also see and feel, that since civil and political liberty does not mean an open warrant for lawlessness, republicanism is capable of administering municipal rule as promptly, broadly, and stringently, as the monarchy. But this can hardly be done until our public offices cease to spur parties and individuals to a continual struggle for their possession—not so much for the honor they confer, or to fulfil their duties, as to use their facilities for personal, ambitious and mercenary purposes. Decentralize our city government, leaving each department to stand and act as much as possible for itself—thereby destroying the fraternity of plunderers—salary those who fill offices according to their responsibilities and duties, and so that they can live and lay up a penny without stealing, and then let it be the concern and unfailing business of all good citizens to combine for the selection and election of men *fit* to fill their offices, and we might have as good as the best monarchical municipalities, and that, too, without any show of bayonets.

We apprehend that those who have found most fault with our city's rule, have often been those who have done the least to help to make it better. And surely, the obtusest even of these cannot argue for monarchy against republicanism—bad as our city governments may be—if they look abroad over our peaceful, prosperous and happy country, and contrast the enjoyments of our people with those of the people of Europe. It was Cobbett who likened cities to ulcers on the body politic, and then tribulations will be somewhat peculiar under whatever form of government. Honest republican government is all we want this side the Atlantic, and God forbid that the ghost of any George III. should reinstate monarchy on our shores. We had a pretty fair trial of that before we cast it out in 1776.

WINTER AND THE POOR.

The presence of winter, in regal garb, brings with it facts and associations over which not only the Christian and philanthropist, but also the most worldly-minded, may well ponder. In this great city there is always a vast want and suffering among the poor. The most propitious of the seasons—the glorious summer, flush with the bloom of flowers and foliage, nor the ripe, majestic autumn, golden with the perfect fruitage of the year—cannot stay the boundaries of want, sickness and misery, among thousands in our midst. The poor we have always with us, and in all seasons they appeal to us, through their misfortunes and distresses—appeal to us as brothers, to whose doors and hearth-sides it is possible that poverty and suffering may also come.

But their appeal is an hundred-fold strengthened with the approach of the season of frost and snow, when cellar and garret are no longer warmed by the genial sun, when the thin and tattered garments no longer shield their wearers from the biting wind, and enfeebled want, which trembled even in the balmiest days, is withered and made powerless by the cold. On every side, within the shadow of almost every comfortable and happy home, there is some degree of poverty—from simple want to absolute and awful destitution—which the hand of plenty and competence is called to relieve. It may be only a little fuel or food, or raiment, or a pittance of money that shall bring medical aid to the sick and sore, or a kind word, even, spoken to solace the sorrowing and dying, that shall lighten many a sad heart and many a cheerless dwelling as with the radiance of angels.

How easy, how beautiful and God-like a thing were, if we would but answer the impulse of generous humanity, to lighten much of the darkness and want round about us. If each who has above his or her actual need—and how many thousands have abundance over every reasonable want—would take the circuit of a block, and inquire into the sufferings of the poor and unfortunate, and administer relief according to their means, how quickly the tide of suffering and misery would recede, and a song of gladness rise over the wail of want and pain. Before God, then, let the rich and proud, and all who have plenty, stand and consider what they owe this day, and through all the bitter winter, to the poor and distressed.

A SAD MISTAKE.

The Tribune says:

> "It has been usually supposed that Christian civilization had got into the middle of the nineteenth century. This is a mistake."

Well, upon indulging in a retrospect of what we have read in the Tribune for some time past, we begin to *fear that it is*.

* * *

The Spoiled Child.—A humored child always thinks it has a right to everything it desires, and resents a refusal as an injustice and cruelty. The little tyrant behaves in his small circle, like the great tyrant in his large sphere, as if the world and its contents were formed solely for its own gratification.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LIVING IN BROOKLYN.

It is a very common remark of the New York city press, that "the monotony of Brooklyn was broken in upon, last week, by this or that novel incident." As if Brooklyn were some provincial place, where loungers gathered around the village pump, or blacksmith's shop, or tavern, to take a drink, and discuss the price of chicken-feed or grain, and where the drawing out of *the* fire engine on the village green to be washed, was an object of stunning importance to every biped who swung his heels over his barnyard fence. I wonder do not the New York press know that there may be intolerable monotony in hubbub, gas, gilding, glitter and confusion, as anybody who has sojourned for a year or two in the Broadway hotels, and listened to the ceaseless Niagara roar of equestrian and pedestrian life past its windows, can testify. The great human tide ever surging on, bearing on its mighty bosom the straws and feathers of the hour; the eloquent voices of the midnight stars, never heard for the clamors of human need and human passions, till the very soul grows sick with the changeful, yet changeless, purposeless, yet fore-ordained, eternal drifting, yet never passing away.

Brooklyn is a heaven after it. The chest expands, the breath comes freer, the step grows lighter, the moment the crowded boat strikes the pier, and we spring ashore. Clean streets await us; smokers, thank goodness, are few and far between; pretty gardens greet us; healthy children jump, and run and shout; mothers dare indulge in the luxury of taking out their own little rosebud babies, instead of mounting guard over a hireling nurse; papas can walk about in old hats and comfortable boots; ladies can run out after dark, without danger of being taken for what they are not, or ramble bonnetless in couples round whole blocks, without fear of molestation, or comb their hair leisurely before the window, without anxiety on account of an opposite eye-glass.

Our shop-keepers are civil, respectful and obliging, our "cakes and ale" as good as yours, our carriages—ah, there you have us—I never get into one but I see small pox and yellow fever, *perdu* in its dirty cushions, floor mat, and soiled window "fixin's," or without wondering what makes all the servant girls whom we pass grin at the graceless driver.

And as to dogs, we knock under to nobody. Every cur, of high degree and low degree, agrees with me when I say that Brooklyn is a heaven; the bob-tailed, ugly, yellow terrier, the kingly Newfoundland, the waggly little podge of incipient bulldog-ism, the lithe, fleet, graceful grayhound, and the dog whose tail might be pulled out a little farther to advantage, or driven clear in out of sight, "ary one"—every one of them knows that muzzles are a dead letter, and Brooklyn safe barking ground.

And as to schools, male and female, they are as good and as plentiful as yours, and like yours, keep their pupils, I am sorry to say, doubled up over their grammars about five times as long as common sense and good health give them any right to do. And as to preachers, have we not the magnetic Beecher, who is yet guilty, every Sunday, of turning his friends out doors; and the scholarly Storrs, who, by right of inheritance, should be a man of talent and mark, and who, when he reads a hymn, makes you fancy you hear an angel singing it; and Bethune, and many others of whom New York is not worthy.

And have we not our horticultural shows and our library, though the least said about that last, the better—and our undertakers' shops, with ghastly coffins, piled, like your own, on the sidewalks and in the windows, in tempting rows, and butchers and bakers, and candlestick makers—why not?

Then, where will you show me a finer view of its kind than may be seen from Washington Park, once the old battle ground? And have we not a famous "Navy-yard," and "Marine Hospital," and close by, "An Asylum for Aged and Indigent Females," the lettering of which I would jog the Directors' elbows about, as better readers than myself might peruse it as I did, viz., an Asylum for Aged and *Indecent* females.

And when "hard up" for fun, can we not go to the New York Opera? Take tea, for instance, at goodly country hours in the middle of the afternoon, then ride in the cars from the extreme end of Brooklyn to the Fulton Ferry, which cross, to gain the "right up Broad'ay" omnibus, tightly packed in with other pleasure-seekers, bound to the different theatres and concerts, each of whom is desirous to stow his party of six or eight into the *very first* omnibus going. Driver swearing—horses prancing—wheels hitching—gentlemen stepping on ladies' toes, and crushing their bonnets, as they hand up the fare. Driver at last gives the signal to start, with an accompaniment of jolts and jerks, more edifying to himself than his impatient freight, whom (by a strange perversity, reversing his usual break-neck speed) he drags at a snail-pace up interminable Broadway, to that interminable Fourteenth street. Arrived there, we are pushed, without any volition of our own, into the vestibule, trod on, spit on, punched in the back, punched in the ribs, punched in the stomach, if I may be allowed the expression, and shoved into a crowd, while our respective gallants show or buy tickets, and finally are ushered into the perfumed atmosphere of song, to dispute our seats, or yield them up to avoid doing so, or to find our party separated by a huge pillar, which was not down in the plan of the house when seats were selected, and which, how architecturally beautiful soever, can neither be seen through nor whispered across, nor, alas! got out of the way.

Opera over, we go through the same operation getting out, which we did getting in, and reach the vestibule at 12 o'clock to find a pouring rain, Broadway omnibuses done running for the night, no conveyance for love or money; street cars—one, two, three—crowded double and treble; stand in the rain till No. four passes—*that* full, too, but gentlemen cry, "Get in!"—so we do, and ride in a vapor bath of steam to the City Hall; no buss to the ferry; walk down Fulton street in the rain; wait in the ferry house for a boat, all of a perspiration for fear the last car will have ceased running for the night on the other side; catch it, after crossing, just as it starts; pile in—wet feet, wet skirts, and yawning fearfully; reach home between one and two; rub ourselves down with bay water and arnica; eat some supper, get into bed, and feel like stewed fools in the morning;—there, if you call that "monotony," I should like to know what dictionary is your standard.

For all that, Brooklyn is a little heaven; a heaven for writers who, within sound of New York, can yet compass the necessary hours for work, there so difficult or impossible. And—listen, ye parents who sepulcher your offspring by scores in the stifled city—*a heaven for children, who have here plenty of fresh air, and plenty of safe playgrounds.*

Fanny Fern.

PAINFUL PLEASURES.

BY MARY FORREST.

To look upon the goodly child, from whose face the fingers of the great Artist have just been lifted, and think of the way before;—the tender feet upon the rocks; the bright curls cleaving the mists and shadows; the brave youth battling with the whirlpool; the stalwart man, with weary eyes and lines of care, panting under the burthen and heat of the noonday; white hairs bowed upon a staff, and moving slowly to the grave.

To roam through the woods in the glory of autumn, and see the sunbeams dawning with the live crimson and gold overhead, while your garments trail a dirge through the russet dead at your feet.

To hear a rich voice singing, or a mellow instrument playing some weird, impinging strain, that you are sure you have heard in ages long gone, amid the plashing of fountains—the whirr of wings and visions of dim, unspeakable beauty.

To see a wan face grow suddenly luminous with its new-born thought; large, mournful eyes lamping out the strong leaps of a deathless soul; pale hands lifted heavenwards in trusting appeal; a glad spirit springing loose from its frail prison-house, and striking out for its God.

To look out upon a gorgeous sunset, and watch the rare tints fade, one by one, like your earthly hopes, into the grey twilight.

To stand upon a mountain top alone.

To sit dreaming among the fair, sweet, volatile flowers.

To ride upon mid ocean, and trace the stars in their courses.

To clasp the dead who are alive to you, and the living who are dead to you, in roseate visions.

To look into the face of the beloved—that other self standing outside and apart from you—the august soul in royal vestments; arbiter of its own destiny—irresponsible for you; strong-armed and daring, yet impotent to save; loving well and nobly, but uncontent with love; up-looking—beyond-looking—immortal!

To *live*; to exult in being; to throb and vault, with abundant and supernal life, towards the invisible pale of the Unknown.

To die; to lay by your apparel, and step with prescient calmness within the veil.

WAKE UP!

There are other sleeps besides that which requires the closure of the eyelids as one of its conditions. There are people, not a few, who are sound asleep, to all practical purposes, while their outward eyes are wide open. The Scriptures speak of some of them as those who "have eyes, but see not," and classes them with such as "have ears, but hear not."

Some people go through the world as if they were asleep to all the interests of life, excepting, perhaps, those which concern their animal natures merely, such as the processes of eating and drinking, common to all mere animals! They see nothing beyond these wants, and hence these conditions and exertions relating to the supply of higher wants are all unseen to them. As to observing the wants of their fellow beings, that is utterly out of the question. It never enters into the thoughts of such "sleepy-heads" that anybody else has any wants. They go about like the swine, rooting for themselves, and grunting selfishly as they go. They are asleep to all the world besides!

Now to all such we would say, "Wake up!" It is not a *true* life you are leading. You are either too stupid or too selfish, or both. Keep awake to all that is going on around you. You are living in a wakeful, active world. While you sleep, it moves. It moves gloriously to all who do their duty, and ignobly to such only as sleep, like you, all the while.

Let one and all wake up, remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," not only in politics, but *all* the multiplying concerns of life! Wake up!

SELFISHNESS.

A little incident came under our observation the other day, going to show that the world is not all selfishness after all.

Such "little incidents," we fear, are very few and far between. They seldom fall under *our* observation. To our notion selfishness is an all-pervading quality—a part of human nature which can only be exterminated with human nature itself. Deprive a man of *what is generally termed* selfishness, and you rob him of prudence. In fact, you cripple his mind as much as you would his body if you cut his legs off. A proper regard for one's own welfare is too often designated by the unthinking, the unthrifty, and the profligate, *selfishness*. A proper care for self is an imperative duty, and it only becomes a crime and a stigma when it gets diseased, and degenerates into meanness and avarice.

* * *

The following singular advertisement we cut from the columns of one of our daily papers:

"SOCIETY."

A YOUNG MARRIED LADY (WITHOUT INCUMBRANCE) accustomed to all the refinements and courtesies of life, wishes to take charge of a gentleman's residence, where care, combined with the society of herself and husband, would be considered equivalent for rent.

"Cheek," downright cheek, again! Paying rent with your "society" is quite a new way of "making both ends meet." We wonder how one's "society" would do in payment of butchers' and bakers' bills!

* * *

A wise man hath his foibles as well as a fool; but the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself and concealed from the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world, and concealed from himself. The wise man sees those frailties in himself, which others cannot; but the fool is blind to those blemishes in his character which are conspicuous to everybody else. Whence it appears that self-knowledge is that which makes the main difference between a wise man and a fool, in the moral sense of that word.

* * *

The Young Heart.—There is an instinctive, impulsive sense of religion in every young, pure heart—an innate reverence for the good—an intuitive perception of the beauty of holiness, and woe to those who check such feelings, and turn aside the current of such thoughts.

* * *

More Pert than Pleasant.—"Husband, I hope you have no objection to my getting weighed?" "Certainly not, my dear; but why ask the question?" "Only to see, my love, if you would allow me to have my *weigh* for once."

* * *

Unbelief.—I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition, than in air rarified to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief, in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.

* * *

Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is the superscription on the letter of talent. Character without it, is blunt and torpid; genius without it, is bullion, splendid and uncirculating.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The most difficult department of learning is learning to unlearn. Drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator. No man likes to admit that his favorite opinion, perhaps the only child of his mind, is an illegitimate one. Sluggish intellects are ever the most obstinate, for that which it has cost us much to acquire, it costs us much to give up; and, the older we get, the more closely we cling to errors, and those weeds are the hardest to eradicate that have had the most time to root themselves. There are thousands who sigh for the suppressed Inquisition whenever a political or religious Galileo promulgates any truth that threatens to interfere with established falsehoods.

Inasmuch as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude, if not impiety, if not exercising it as often as we can. We may say, with Titus, that we have "lost a day" if we have passed it without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Thank God!" exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

Landscape gardening is artificial nature—the finest of the fine arts. He who lays out grounds and gardens, calling new beauties into existence, not only for his own gratification but for that of his cotemporaries and successors, is exercising a wise and benevolent power, which makes him a species of creator. The word Paradise is synonymous with garden, and the Elysium of the ancients consisted of sylvan fields. Happy the man who can secure a living apotheosis amid the beauties of a terrestrial garden.

They tell us that "truth never dies." But if her home is, as we are informed, "at the bottom of a well," it seems a little strange that she never "kicks the bucket." Yet from her dark home in the still depths, she oft-times follows up the feeding rill to its source upon the mountain-top, and rises from the fountain like Venus from the foam of the sea—as beautiful as the fabled goddess, and infinitely more worthy of the admiration of earth and Heaven.

It is unnecessary, for two reasons, to undertake to describe the great happiness of marriage—first, because it would be superfluous to those who are in the enjoyment of its blessings; and secondly, because it would be impossible to those who are not. It cannot be denied, however, that marriage is sometimes a reversed fever and ague—the heat coming first, and the chills last.

Language, which is the uniting bond and the very medium of communion between men, is, at the same time, by the great variety of tongues, the means of severing and estranging nations more than anything else. In this respect it may be compared to the ourang-outang, which, according to the traveling showman, "forms the connecting link which separates mankind from the human race."

Lawyers occasionally know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are sometimes too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and the proper tendencies of religion. Losing the abstract in the concrete, the principal in its accessories, both are in the predicament of the rustic, who could not see London for the houses.

The fashionable ladies of our day are called indolent, but they perform more labor than their good grandmothers ever did. Tightly compressed within their corsets, they are incessantly laboring—but it is for breath. Perhaps they forget that the precept which bids them exercise the most rigid restriction upon their *lives*, does not enjoin upon them to treat their *livers* in the same way.

An Alabama paper gives an account of the birth of a live baby with two heads. If the old adage that "two heads are better than one" is true, that child is singularly fortunate. A common version of the adage is, that two heads are better than one, though one is a cabbage-head. Two are better than one, even though *both* are cabbage-heads, in these times of dear marketing.

A horse-laugh is the sorry hack upon which buffoons are apt to ride home when they want to make a retreat and are at a loss for any other conveyance. If they find themselves defeated in argument, they will jump upon the back of a horse-laugh, and attempt to ride victoriously over their conquerors.

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our Western States to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was *licked by dogs*."

Mild and delicate measures are generally of no avail for the reform of old and established abuses and iniquities. We often hear complaints that reforms are too rough. Should Hercules have undertaken to cleanse the Augean stable with a white cambric handkerchief?

A brother editor, not at all noted for personal comeliness, complains that a figure of himself, set up in a public edifice, has been "rudely cut with an axe or hatchet." All that we have to say is, that the fellow who cut it cut a sorry figure.

A writer in a Louisiana paper describes a garden vegetable, which, he says, has a fibre strong enough to make cloth. Oh, well, suits of clothes are often made from *cabbage*, as many a tailor could testify if he would.

A man not unfrequently takes his own vain estimate of himself for fame. The poor, sickly glimmer that his own weak eyes make around his lamp, he mistakes for a halo of glory.

We lately heard a vulgar politician boast upon the stump that he and Daniel Webster once staid over night at the same public house. It must have been a house of "entertainment for man and beast."

The editorial corps of New York city seems almost utterly destitute of harmony. Its *quills* all seem to point in different directions, like those of an angry porcupine.

Our poets generally fail in their many attempts to imitate Anacreon. We find in their writings more anachronisms than Anacreonisms.

Unfortunately, Time ploughs and Grief harrows many a forehead, without planting anything there that can ever come to the least account.

A low-lived editor threatens to give us "*a tanning*." We hardly think he will. Hides are tanned with bark, but not the bark of a dog.

It has been said doctors may well have an especial horror of the sea, because they are more liable than others to *see sickness*.

"I am not afraid of a barrel of cider, sir." "I presume not; I guess the barrel of cider would run at your approach."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A gentleman named Hersey, who was out hunting, not long since, near Winona in Minnesota Territory, was attacked by a large she-bear accompanied by two cubs. Mr. H. wounded the bear at his first shot, and then ran. The bear and cubs pursued, but slowly, on account of the old bear's wound. Getting a good distance ahead, Mr. Hersey stopped and reloaded his rifle, waited till the bear had come within a rod of him, and then deliberately shot her dead; whereupon the cubs ran off.

A piece of land (now occupied by a block of stores) in this city, that was bought twenty years ago for $17,000, is now estimated at just one hundred times that value—$1,700,000. The buildings on it cost about $800,000, which leaves $900,000 for the land, and gives an increase in value of $883,000 in twenty years. The mere holding on to such a bit of land is about as good a business as a man could be engaged in.

It is said that the Mormons have a vast amount of gold hidden away in the recesses of their dwellings, and buried in secret places, which is kept for helping them out of any otherwise unmanageable emergency that may come upon them. Could this golden fact be established beyond doubt, the Government would be able to raise easily plenty of volunteers for the Utah expedition.

Advices from Oregon state that the cold season in that region was setting in with unusual rigor. Also, that the troubles between the whites and Indians were assuming a most threatening aspect.

They are having the coldest weather along the Missouri river ever known at this season of the year in that region. Twenty-two boats are frozen up in the river.

Two young "ladies" met in Madison Square a few days ago, and, after a short but pungent altercation, commenced a regular fist-fight. A crowd soon collected, and the "ladies," suddenly coming to a sense of their condition, separated, and quickly disappeared.

On the first day of the present month (January 1st, 1858), the mode of reckoning money in Canada was changed from pounds, shillings and pence to dollars and cents.

RURAL SCENERY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The wild bee o'er the prairie
  Sought honey for her hive,
The stream came leaping from the rock
  As though it were alive,—

While the solemn mountain frowning
  Beheld its devious way,
And like a Mentor, old and stern,
  Reproved the thoughtless play.

The crimson oriole flaunted
  Like lover through the glade,
And paid gay homage to the flowers
  In beauty's garb array'd;

But lightly there before him
  The humming-bird would rove,
While bird and bell with rapture thrilled
  To meet his kiss of love.

The beetle and the butterfly
  Met on their glittering track,
The snail moved onward, slow and sure,
  His house upon his back;

And life to all was beautiful,
  As, like the jeweled ray,
They gleamed in Nature's joyance sweet
  On that bright summer's day.

Oh, frail and winged creatures!
  That perish in an hour,
Methinks ye are our teachers,
  Mid all our pomp and power

Mid all our vaunt of learning,
  Mid all our pride of sway,
Be pitiful, and teach us
  Before ye pass away;

How to be simply happy
  Amid a world so fair,
And in the confidence of trust
  Accept our Father's care.

* * *

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAUDINE; OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE," &c., &c., &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COTTAGE AND CASTLE.

The readers of our tale will now be kind enough to go forward with us to the night of this day, which has been so prolific of events, and which we have recorded each in its order in a portion of the foregoing chapters. Already it will have been discovered that all the scenes which we have hitherto given in our story have transpired during the very night upon which we began by introducing the Earl of Conybeare, on his way through the streets of London to the gambling saloons of De Fretti; and continued from the evening of that night up to the following day at four o'clock, the hour of Lord Conybeare's escape from his dwelling on the horse furnished him by the gallant Ralph. The limit in time of all that our narrative has thus far recorded, is embraced in a night and a day. In all our scenes we have not yet consumed quite twenty-four hours of time; a night and a part of the following day, embracing the whole period of action.

The reader will now go with us forward in time to six o'clock in the evening of the day following the robbery of the Tower, and the flight of Lord Inglis, and enter with us a small street terminating in an ancient stone edifice, once the abbey of a religious body; but for a century past the residence of the family of the Varneys. Over its massive, mediæval gateway were placed the escutcheon and crest of the Varlnies, as it was anciently spelled by the warlike Saxon founder of the family.

It was already dark, for as we have before said, the night was foggy and close. Through an oaken shutter, half-closed, gleamed the rays of a light showing that the house was occupied at least by some person, albeit the remainder was dark and shut up. Let us enter the lighted apartment. It is hung about with old armour, paved with dark slabs of marble, and contains a book-case filled with ancient folios; and one end of it is arched, and beneath it is a sort of chancel and altar; for three hundred years ago this room had been the chapel of the few monks who dwelt here; and as the abbot was a cousin of the chief of the house, the edifice ultimately reverted to the family, and was now the property of Sir Paul Varney, who had occasionally lodged or supped here as a bachelor. We have, we believe, already mentioned Captain Henley, as the younger son of the nobleman who was Lord of the Tower, who had, as Hinchcliff believed, tempted the young and innocent girl; Kate Hinchcliff, to leave her father, whose revenge, as we have seen, took the shape of a robbery of the treasure confided to the custody of the old nobleman.

There are some revenges deeper and heavier and more terrible than death! the vengeance which creates a life of disgrace, shame and sorrow for its victim. Such was the vengeance Hinchcliff sought, and to achieve which he associated with himself the bold but dissolute Lord Neagle and the others.

This room is now no longer a chapel. The altar is used as a side wine-table, and in the centre of the apartment is a round dining-board. Three plates are laid for dinner, and everything is arranged for tnat luxurious dining which appertains to a lordly abode. Everything in the room wears the aspect of wealth and aristocratic enjoyment—a combination of the elegance of modern days with the massive and sombre dignity of a century ago.

A coal fire burns glowingly in the grate, and above the mantel-piece, between four wax candles lighted, stands a picture not yet hung up, but looking fresh and new as if recently painted! But such a picture! It was the face of a young female of eighteen or nineteen, with blue eyes, and fair hair flowing in lines of beauty from the parting of the fair forehead to the exquisite ears, and then falling in a cataract of golden glory over her shining shoulders. The eyes were full of love, azure as the deep sea, and as fathomless in their deep, dark beauty. The features were bewitchingly captivating in their outline, and the expression of her heavenly mouth was full of mingled sweetness and pride and love. The well-poised head, the noble neck, the bust half maidenly, half womanly in its undulating graces, the rounded form, altogether presented a manifestation of womanly glory and loveliness that could have had its ideal only in the refined and passionate imaginations of the poet or the painter.

Though the mouth indicated sweetness incomparable, and the liquid cerulean eyes beamed with love and joy, yet there was visible a something indescribable in the whole expression of the face that indicated a hidden power of character, deep feeling, and intense passion in reserve, which circumstances of an extraordinary nature might one day develope.

While we gaze at the portrait the door of an inner room opens, and the original walks into the room to surprise and amaze us; and as we regard the beautiful creature we exclaim, "The half hath not been told us on the canvass!"

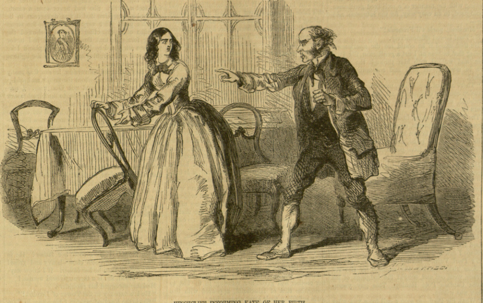
She is simply arrayed in a robe of blue silk, with a white flower in her hair. She is pale, and an uneasy expression blends with the natural sweetness of her countenance. She glances at the picture, smiles slightly, and then moves to the window and looks out into the darkness of the street. She expects some one—some one very dear to her; for there is no mistaking that look upon a woman's face.

At length her eyes sparkle, and she looks earnestly through the grated window—for we perceive all the windows are grated, and the place looks like a prison were it not interiorly such an abode of luxury. And now we notice that the doors are locked on the outside, for we see the large black bolt appearing between the lock and the bed, into which it is forced by the key on the outside.

A step is heard on the broad slab of the arched gate-way, a turning of a lock and closing of a door, which echoes along the hollow corridor of the old abbey as if there were parts of it empty and uninhabited below.

The young girl flies to the door, and stands and listens to an ascending step. Her color comes and goes, and her bosom heaves with some unusual emotion. She looks very beautiful, and yet one feels that he ought to pity rather than admire. The heavy bolt is turned, and the door opens. She is about to rush into the arms of the person entering, when she starts back as she beholds a stranger—or at least not the face she had expected to see.

But, before we go further in this scene, let us recede in time to a period two years prior to this evening, and to the small rural village of Edmunsbury, three miles from Conybeare-Ford, lower down the Thames. By a little brook meandering between a meadow and a hill-side, upon the top of which sits in feudal grandeur the seat of the Varneys, is a small but tasteful cottage. It is half embowered in eglantine and overshadowed by an oak which had woven two hundred age-rings in its annual growth within its massive trunk. Within that cottage had been born the wife of John Hinchcliff, a fair girl, wonderful for her beauty all the country round. Many was the swain, and many the gallant apprentice who sought her hand; but, as maidens often will do, she chose to love and give her hand to the least promising and attractive of her suitors, young Hinchcliff. Plain in person, heavy in frame, not cheerful or social, Hinchcliff seemed but a sorry choice for the rustic belle of the country; but he had a small farm as tenant under the Earl of Conybeare; and his position as son of an under keeper, or head turnkey of the tower, an office long in his family, was at least, as village society went, respectable; and, indeed, it was said he would soon have the place himself, as his father, Peter Hinchcliff, was in bad health; so, after all, said the ugly, old, far-sighted gossips, who thought no maiden the better for great beauty, and chose not to give his lovely bride any credit merely because she was handsome; "so, after all, the girl did well enough; for she might have gone further and fared worse."



HINCHCLIFF INFORMING KATE OF HER BIRTH

By-and-by the matter became old, and village gossip found other game, when lo! the young wife, seven months after marriage, gave birth to a sweet little female infant. Now there ought not, in law, to have been fair cause or good ground for scandal here; but heads were shaken ominously and tongues wagged bitterly.

But our readers all know what village gossip is, and that little heed should be given to such slanders; for though sometimes they turn out to be truth, oftener they are sheer slanders. Be it as it may, the pretty Ann Hinchcliff was very proud of her new-born babe; and it was noticed by the spies (the old ladies just mentioned) that she did not color and look guilty, as she ought to do, when they said how like it was to her, and how little, (some said *not at all,*) like her husband.

The world, nevertheless, turned round, and never stopped for the slanders. One by one the old beldames fell off its surface into their graves, and were forgotten. John Hinchcliff's father died when the infant was nine years old, and he went to the tower to take his place as turnkey. The tower was but five miles from the village, and he would walk over of a Sunday morning, after being on duty all the week, and pass the day with his wife and the little Kate, who was the loveliest, and most amiable and attractive child that had ever been born in the hamlet of Edmunsbury. What was more, it was receiving the most careful education from its mother; and at ten years old it was sent to a neighboring boarding-school by her, and visited by her every week or two.

"Where does Ann Hinchcliff get so much money?" asked one of the village busybodies in her neighbor's affairs, "to send her Kate to a mi-lady's school with the gentry?"

Nobody could give busybody any satisfaction on this point; and busybody set her invention on the rack to guess where so much money could come from; for John hadn't, as turnkey, more a year than "miss's" schooling and board would come to.

But living in the retirement of her little vine-trellised cottage, the mother of golden-haired Kate, as the old men of the village called her, (old men love and admire beautiful little girls, while old women abhor them,) she heeded, whether guilty or innocent, their talk. Indeed, she was a sad and silent person, and had been so since her marriage, though before she had been the gayest of all the village maidens. This sadness grew upon her, and she seemed, strangely, to grow more lovely the paler and more delicate she became. Some said it was Hinchcliff's coldness to her; for somehow nobody ever gave him the credit, beautiful as his wife was, to care for her. There seemed a mystery about them, but no one could say wherein it lay. After Hinchcliff went to the Tower his visits became less and less frequent to his wife; indeed, it was noticed that they wholly ceased after Kate had been sent to school. It was, they now said, only his love (which was manifest to everybody) for the child, that led him to visit the cottage at all.

At length the health of the wife of the turnkey began positively to fail. She was either dying of the consumption, or of a withered and crushed heart!

Kate, now in her twelfth year, was sent for to be by her invalid mother's pillow, to cheer her last days. It was now noticed that Hinchcliff came to the cottage again, which he had not visited twice in four months.

At length the invalid died; but it was a strange death, and caused all the country round to talk. It happened that her husband slept in watching by her bed-side, and Kate had also fallen asleep, with her head upon the pillow by her mother's! Youth and death in close union!—the blooming beauty of earth side by side the spiritual beauty of eternity! Two such beautiful heads—their golden hair mingling, earth never beheld on the same pillow! The man slept heavily, his arm resting his cheek in the open window. Half an hour before midnight the dying woman—all day she had been dying they said—rose up and stood upon the floor! Her eyes were fixed as if she saw into the world beyond this! She moved slowly and steadily away from the bed, passed out of the open door—all in white—into the moonlight, her hair floating about her like a glory, her small, white feet bare! She seemed rather to glide than to walk as she moved along the deep shadowy glen by the path beside the brook! On she glided—up the steep, rocky sides of the eminence on which stood Varney Castle. The poacher, the midnight prowler, the late abroad peasant, fled from the path as if a spectre had appeared in their sight! and the next day it was told everywhere that the white ghost of Anne Hinchcliff had walked after her death around the castle walls. On she moved, more like a form of air than of earth. Her feet bled from wounds made by the sharp rocks—her tresses were caught and torn by the branches. She crossed the draw-bridge, and stopped before a portico in the castle wall. Thrice she knocked thereat with her slender fingers! and thrice she called a name so plaintively, so beseechingly, so earnestly, that if any one had heard tears must have come into their eyes. There was no reply! She looked wildly up and down, then, crossing her hands upon her breast, she sunk upon her knees upon the cold stone step, and fell gently forward upon her face; and there she lay, prone and motionless, the moon shining upon her white drapery and upon her brow as upon a statue from marble, chiseled of womanly despair! And each moment was converting to the coldness of marble the brow, and clasped hands, and white encrimsoned feet! She was dead, quite dead! The book of a life was ended, and sealed for the judgment!

An hour afterwards a horseman rode up to the castle from the London road. A single attendant followed him. As he drew near the gate he surveyed the exterior of tower and battlement by the glimpses of the moon through the old oaks.

"How unchanged in twelve years!" he said, half turning to his servant.

"All the same, it would seem, sir," was the answer.

The master wore an undress military uniform, and his dark complexion spoke of Indian skies. In fact, he had been more than twelve years absent in the army in India, and but this day returned to London, but only so late as to make it an hour after midnight when he reached the castle.

He dashed across the braw-bridge—and his horse started aside at the sight of the white form, recumbent in the full light of the moon, at the gate.

"What is this?" he cried.

"It looks like a statute, sir."

"Hold the rein of my horse!"

He alighted and approached the figure. The spiritual grace os its snow white outline, the prostrate forehead, the whole attitude, surprised and awed him.

"I know not whether it be spirit, or human, or marble! I will see!"

He drew near, and bent down; he touched the brow.

"It is a corpse! It is a woman!"

He raised the face, and, after a moment's gaze with startled eye, he cried out:

"My God! what fearful judgment is this thou hast conducted me over half the globe to bear! Thy retribution never sleeps!"

For a moment he stood, his face bent down and buried in his hands. Suddenly he recovered himself.

"This must not be! She has doubtless wandered here, alas, *to die!* for her form is all wasted by disease! Of *me* she thought to the end! Come," he said, speaking sadly, and in tones of deep emotion, to his servant, "follow and aid me in bearing to her home this lifeless and beautiful corpse! It is not far. It must not appear that she died here!" he added within his own bosom.

He bore her gently in his arms the way she had come. The sleepers still slept. He laid her upon the bed which she had left, composed her limbs in the decent repose of death, and, after a sad look, departed, but not until he had regarded for a moment the lovely child who slept in her chair, with her head on the pillow, and her face all vailed by her golden hair. He drew near, and, unable to see the face, severed, with a pair of scissors that lay near, a tress, placed it in his bosom, and disappeared.

But little more remains to be added ere we return to the dining-hall in the old Abbey, and resume thence our narrative. But we will reserve the addition for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BARONET AND THE TURNKEY.

Two days after the death of Anne Hinchcliff, her body was, at evening, as the sun was setting, committed to the ground in the village grave-yard. But few followed the corpse to the grave. Hinchcliff, the husband, was not one of these; he said that his duties in the Tower kept him that day. Nor was the daughter there. Mysteriously she had disappeared the night before—none knew whither, for no one except John Hinchcliff was authorized to ask whither. Neither of them, however, were at the funeral.

After the grave had been filled up by the sexton, and all had departed, a tall figure, wrapped in a cloak—for it was a cold, wintry day, stepped forth from the shadow of the church, and stood by the fresh grave, and gazed down upon it thoughtfully and sadly.

"And, at last, *here!* I have wronged thee, Anne! and now all the atonement I can pay is to drop a tear upon thy grave! Humble as thy birth was, I loved thee; for thy beautiful face was but the index of a soul as guileless and noble as an angel's. Thou wast born rather to a sceptre (for thy wondrous loveliness) than to a distaff; and had I the courage then I have now, I would have raised thee to be my equal. Anne, I have never forgotten thee! Thy pleading, tearful eyes have looked on me night after night in farther Ind! and thy voice has reached my ears amid the camp on the banks of the Ganges! Thirteen years' absence have not driven thee from my heart! I will—I here swear by thy pure spirit departed," and the stranger knelt by the side of the grave, and laid his hand upon his heart, "that I will atone to thee by my care for thy daughter!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed some one near and behind him. He started to his feet, half ashamed at being thus discovered, and enraged at the cold, malicious sounds, as if Satan were in the air and mocking him. By the dim twilight he recognized, close to him, the square-built, short frame, and herculean head and shoulders of Hinchcliff.

"So, we're here both on the same errand, Sir Paul! I heard ye had got back from the Indies; but I didn't expect you to honor my wife's funeral!"

"John Hinchcliff, beware! Check that tone! I am not a man to bear much! You was not at the funeral, sirrah! and if servants' tales be true, your conduct has hastened her death!"

"Servants' tales are true, full oft, as you know, Sir Paul," answered the man, with a sneer; "but she was my wife. I had a right to treat her as I chose. But he who says I ever laid a hand roughly upon her, lies! But let us not quarrel, sir. Death has ended our affair."

"And let it end our knowledge of each other!"

"Willingly. I have been well paid for the part I have played. The remittances never failed. You kept well your word; and I think I kept mine."

"No more. Where is the child? She was not here to the burial."

"What hast thou to do with her?" demanded Hinchcliff, with audacity in his little gray eyes, mingled with defiance. "I have been faithful to her and to the mother! And few men—no man, Sir Paul, could have borne to be scorned as I was by her; for twelve years her wedded husband, and yet divorced from the moment of the marriage blessing—a husband, and yet not a husband!—guarding the fruit, yet forbidden to touch it!"

"It was in the agreement. It was our contract. Thou wert well paid to shield her fame with thy name, fellow!"

"I make no complaints. I had my eyes open when I consented to be protector, with the name of husband, to your para——"

"*Dare!*" shouted the baronet, making a grasp at the man's throat. The other leapt back, and, drawing a knife, would have sprung upon his antagonist with a deadly purpose; but the latter, unsheathing his sword from beneath his cloak, presented the glittering point. Hinchcliff, with an oath, put back his weapon, and Sir Paul Varney sheathed his. For a moment both men stood looking at each other, across the grave of her to whom each one had held such strange and opposing, yet kindred relations.

"It will be for your injury, Hinchcliff, to take against me this attitude of insult and defiance. Be civil. It will be safest for you. Where is the child?"

"*My* child do you mean?"

"*Her child*"

"She is *mine,* also, Sir Paul! The world says so, and believes so. I have not denied it, (for it was in our compact I should own it as mine, you know,) and I do not now intend to deny her to be mine. She is as handsome as her mother was; and I love her, which I did not her mother. To you she is nothing!"

"To me she is everything! You heard the oath I just took over this grave, at which you laughed like a laughing devil. That oath I will keep with my heart's blood! I wronged the mother, and to save her honor and mine, I doomed her, I see now, to a living death in binding her to your name. As much as I pity her, and hate myself, I detest you! But the child I must have and rear!"

"What!" with a sneer: "Wilt acknowledge her as your own daughter?"

"No; but I will educate her as a lady, and marry her well, and secure her happiness by my fortune."

"And what will your beautiful young wife say—to keep the secret from whom you paid me three hundred pounds, to stand up and be married to your—your unborn babe's young mother? You see I call no names, Sir Paul. I know how to speak to the delicate ears of the aristocracy. I have had some of 'em under lock and key in the Tower in my day."

"I disdain to stoop to hold conversation with thee," answered Sir Paul, his brow darkening; "but my wife is dead."

"Yes—I forgot! I remember now hearing she died in India. Wasn't she and her child—I wonder I forgot it—not long after you went there, torn to pieces by a Bengal tiger?"

The officer groaned. For a moment he was silent, as if thus rudely forcing upon his thoughts the terrible event he alluded to, he had struck a chord in his heart exquisitely painful.

"Yes—she is dead—was slain in this cruel manner! My child was borne off into the jungle by a tigress, and doubtless perished! The mangled remains of my wife were buried, but my daughter, an infant less than two years, was, without doubt, devoured! It was never heard of."

"It was a daughter, then?" asked Hinchcliff, with more of respect than he had shown; for grief, (and that of Sir Paul was profound as he related the manner of the death of those dear to him)—is ever respectful, and demands due homage even from the heartless.

"I am sorry for you, Sir Paul Varney; but I cannot let you have Kate. The child is, in law, mine. I love her—and Heaven knows it is the only thing on earth I do love! I tried to hate it, because I hated its mother and——"

"Its father."

"Yes. But it grew upon me. It *would* love me! It took my heart completely. The money you paid me, year by year, I spent for that child! I paid the three hundred a year I drew, for being her mother's husband, on her education! I have sent her to a gentility school; and cared everything for her, to make a lady of her, while you, her real father, off in the wars, did not care a bad shilling if she grew up a milk-maid! Now, you have come home! You have left your wife and child in graves in the East, and finding Anne dead and nicely out of the way, you are for taking the daughter out of my hands, I see, because she is as beautiful as an archangel! But you will find that you are caught in your own trap!"

"Gently! I have not seen the child's face! I hear she is lovely, and looks like her mother. I hoped to atone to her by educating her."

"She's educated now enough for *my* daughter! She's learned enough now at thirteen to make a lady of her, if she never sees the inside of a school-hall again! But as my allowance ceases, now that my wife is dead and buried, I suppose I shall not be able to do much more for her."

"I am willing then to take your place!"

"No, Sir Paul."

"You are very dogged, man!"

"Only firm, Sir Paul Varney!"

"Where is the child?"

"That is my affair. You cannot find her. I suspicioned you would want to get her when you saw how handsome she was and her mother dead; and so, last night, I came and took her away privately."

"She went with you without force?"

"Bless you, yes! She loves me, ugly as I am, for I've always been a *father* to her! I've bought the privilege of having her love me, and of loving her, by my bargain about her mother, and I don't mean to part with it! She'd go with me to the end of the earth! She doesn't know anybody else, or love anybody else!"

"She believes you to be her father?"

"Why shouldn't she?" asked Hinchcliff, impudently, and with an air of vulgar vanity.

Sir Paul Varney paced to and fro across the head of the grave—an appropriate place for such a strange meeting—and looked greatly troubled. He knew, from the glimpse of her graceful form, her beautiful hand, and her golden, rich mass of tresses, which veiled her face as she slept, that his child must be passing lovely, now within a few weeks of being in her fourteenth year. He felt that force nor wrath would avail with a man like Hinchcliff. It cannot be said that Sir Paul felt any attachment towards his child; but a sort of vague desire to make some atonement for the wrong done her mother, (the sin being expiated on her part, so far as mortals can thus cover guilt, by twelve years of penance as the nominal wife of John Hinchcliff,) led him to resolve to adopt the child; and childless himself, he hoped yet to win its love, and take secret pride in its affection. Man is not born for solitude. He must love something, even if it be a dog, or a horse, or a bird, or a mouse, or even a spider, as the history of lone prisoners can testify. Sir Paul hoped to find an object to love in his daughter. But John Hinchcliff also had a human heart, and must have something to fix his affections upon also. His object, as we have seen, was Kate. He would not lightly, therefore, surrender his claim upon her.

"Hinchcliff, I am here in your power. I can do nothing. I throw myself on your magnanimity. I will give you an annuity of one thousand pounds a year if you will relinquish all pretensions to my child."

"No. The law will defend me in her possession. I will not, therefore, consent."

"I will give you a bonus of ten thousand pounds. Money is nothing to me!"

"Not if you play as successfully and win as freely as you did when you were a younger man! People, you know, before you went to India, said you played too well for a gentleman!"

Sir Paul smiled slightly, as if feeling a consciousness of still playing "too well for a gentleman," for the excitement of betting and "the mystery of chances" had for him the fascination which a battle-field has for the soldier-born! Nor was the latter passion wanting in the breast of one whose ancestors had been for centuries the first warriors and knights of the realm of England.

"Do you accept my offer?"

"No, Sir Paul."

"You tempt me to slay you on the spot," said he, half drawing his sword.

"If you do, you will not find in my heart the secret you desire. To kill me will not discover Kate's hiding-place."

"I must wait my time, then!" answered the baronet, as he turned away from the grave, and walked haughtily along the dark avenue of yew-trees that led to the gate. Without looking back, he passed out and took a path which led by the brook, at the side of which the cottage stood, from whence Anne's body had been taken. It was now quite dark, or rather the stars shone, and the lingering red of the Western sky added its light.

At the door of the cottage sat an old woman smoking her pipe. It was Hinchcliff's mother. The baronet stopped and made inquiries about his child; but too deaf to hear, she made replies that had no reference to his questions. Angry and disappointed, he resumed his way, taking the same path the dying woman had taken two nights before; and the same path along which, fourteen years before, he had secretly stolen to meet by the brook-side the lovely maiden whom he won but to betray. Had she not suffered for that hour of trustful weakness? Had he not suffered for that hour of deliberate guilt? Wife and daughter torn from his bosom by a fearful death! And a child once disowned and born in shame, he now pleads to be given to him at the feet of a base man, who, without mercy, mocks at his prayers. Heaven has its revenges.

From that night, for three months, Sir Paul diligently sought to discover the retreat of his child! The cottage, the school-hall, the Tower, all the movements of the turnkey were watched by well-paid spies; but all in vain. At length he gave up the direct search, and trusted to chance to discover her.

At the expiration of his year's furlough, he re-embarked for India. After an absence of three and a half years he resigned his commission as lieutenant-colonel, and embarked for Europe by the way of Egypt and Marseilles. In France, he at Paris passed several months, and also visited Brussels, where he had the duel at which Sir Villiers Courtney assisted as a second, and who shot at and wounded him for firing (accidentally, as it proved) before the word. Thence, after a few months' sojourn, he came to London, where he entered a course of gaming that soon rendered him famous as the most successful player in England. The reader is already aware of the fatal results of meeting him to the Earl of Conybeare, and the finale of the celebrated challenge for fifty thousand pounds.

All this while he had not forgotten the young girl, his daughter. It was now more than four and a half years since his meeting with Hinchcliff at the grave of his wife. He now determined to ascertain, if possible, where she was; for by this time he knew that, if alive, she must be a beautiful young woman of eighteen or nineteen. He felt, therefore, an intense curiosity to behold her, at least. It was about two months before his fatal play with the earl, and the opening of our story, that he had returned to London from the continent. He had been in the city but two days, ere he ascertained, from one of his old spies, that about a year before, Hinchcliff, emboldened by a rumor that he, Sir Paul, had been killed in India, had taken his daughter from her secret retirement (which was a French "Pension pour les Demoiselles Anglaises," near the city of Exeter), and brought her to reside with him in the Tower. That there her great beauty and attractions could not endanger her, as only an old officer or two were the inmates; but, nevertheless, he kept her in perfect seclusion, and never suffered her to go out to walk but accompanied by himself.

"At length the son of the lieutenant of the Tower," said Sir Paul's informer, "came home from Spain, where he had been with the Spanish Embassy. He was an officer in the Coldstream Guards, but his name—I forget his name——"

"Captain Henley—my cousin! But what of him? A dangerous young man to be near so fair a girl!"

"It proved so. He got some position in the Tower given him, only, as I think, sir, to be near the daughter of Hinchcliff, whose fame had got abroad."

"Quick, sir! Did he ruin her? Let me not be delayed!"

"The upshot was, sir," said the man, who had once been Sir Paul's butler, "that in spite of John Turnkey, the young folks met by moonlight, or starlight, too, perhaps——"

"No levity—proceed!"

"And the end was as usual. One morning, a week ago, Hinchcliff awoke, and going to his daughter's room, found his caged bird had flown!"

"Did she fly from the Tower with Captain Henley?"

"Both were missing at the same time. Her scarf, tied to the window, showed how she had got away, and the outside key of the gate, which Hinchcliff had put into his belt at night, being missing in the morning, showed very plainly what aid he had received in making his exit from the Tower."

"And whither did they fly?" demanded Sir Paul, with intense feeling.

"This is the mystery, Sir Paul," answered the ex-butler, shaking his head, and looking wistfully at the decanter of wine which stood on the altar in the old chancel of the room, into which we have already introduced the reader, in the ancient abbey; for this interview between the baronet and his servitor took place in this dining-room after dinner, it being Sir Paul's temporary abode on his return to London.

"Does not Hinchcliff know where my—that is —*his* daughter is?"

"No. He became so enraged about it that he forgot himself, and his tongue cut his throat."

"How mean you?"

"The lieutenant of the Tower dismissed him. So he lost his daughter and his place; and since then I am told he is here in London everywhere seeking her, and everywhere vowing he will one day have his revenge!"

"How long ago was this elopement?"

"Not two weeks at the most, your honor."

"And Captain Henley?"

"He does not conceal himself. I saw him yesterday at the Horse-guards."

"Yes—and so I met him this morning," said Sir Paul, biting his nether lip, "and little suspecting this, I asked him to dine here with me, and he left as you came in. I little suspected all that I have since learned."

A footman at this moment came in, and said—

"Sir Paul, a gentleman is below who wishes to see the rooms."

"Is your honor going to leave London?" asked the butler.

"No. It is too lonely for me, and I have taken a suite of rooms on Beverly terrace. I yesterday advertised these for rent as they are. Show him up."

A man about thirty years of age, with a foreign air, and a face striking from its intelligence, rather than its handsome features, now appeared, and, bowing with the manner of a well-bred gentleman, apologized, in an easy way, for the intrusion, adding—

"Monsieur, parle t'il Francais?"

Sir Paul bowed affirmatively.

He then asked if he could see the apartments. Seeing that he was at least a gentleman, Sir Paul rose and walked with him through the rooms, five in number, all well and substantially furnished.

"There are but five in use, monsieur. The old mansion contains eighteen in all, but they are unfurnished, or have not been opened in twenty years or more."

The foreigner lounged in a careless elegant way through the apartments, expressing himself satisfied (stroking his brown moustache as he spoke) with them and the price, and said he would take them, and desired to have possession on the Sunday next.

He then handed Sir Paul his card and references.

"Monsieur Count de Bienville," read the baronet bowing.

The French gentleman, after some passing conversation, took his leave.

"I have seen that face before—but where I have met him I cannot tell!" said Sir Paul musingly; "those steady, cold, blue eyes that seem to slumber with concealed power beneath the half-raised lid, once met can not be easily forgotten! perhaps I saw him in Paris!"

Sir Paul Varney having now given some directions about leaving the mansion for Beverly terrace, went out and sought the lodgings of his cousin Captain Pole Henley. This gay young officer was within.

"What, Sir Paul—so soon a call from you after dining with you. I hope you have come to sup with me. It is not yet ten o'clock?"

"Yes. It is lonely enough at the old abbey for an anchorite. I have at length leased it for a year to a French Count!"

"Then you will come and mess with our club?"

"No. You are too noisy and fast for a man of eight and thirty!"

"Bah! the best looking man in London yet, and as report says, a lady-killer! Why, they say you had a harem of lovely dark-eyed Indian houris at your magnificent Bengal palace!"

"They say," muttered the baronet laughing, and evidently not displeased, "is a great liar, cousin! But they say you are a conqueror in this way, Henley."

"Me? I can't bear love and all its nauseating co-relatives! I would rather own an Arabian mare, such as I saw the Viceroy of Egypt's ambassador astride in the park to-day, than share all the honors of the fairest Cleopatra of modern days!"

"You are not frank, cousin?"

"With all my heart! I never was in love in my life, except with a good Damascus blade which I saw in the hands of that self-same Egyptian. If anything would tempt me to forget my commandments and commit highway robbery, it is this mare and sword!"

"Have you been to the Tower lately? Your father, I hear, is still well and in command."

Yes, hale and strong. I saw him last week. Indeed I passed eight or ten days with him at a time not long after I got home from Spain where you know I went as attache to the Spanish Embassy."

"You did not fall in love in the Tower?"

"Per Baccho! but I came within an ace of losing my heart, if I ever had any, to the fair daughter of the turnkey, Winchcliff, or some such name! Never had Diana such an eye, Venus such shoulders, Hebe such a waist, Ruth (to go to Scripture) such a figure, Magdalene such golden hair!"

"Was she so beautiful?"

"That I was afraid of her!"

"Afraid—you jest."

"Not so! There was about her a sort of superb divinity of purity and touch-me-not that I just let her alone! I am not at the best very susceptible —but if I ever could love—I could have loved her; for two or three times I saw her and a few words passed. But I might as well have fallen in love with the moon. So I admired her as I do the moon and let her shine on in her glory. But I confess I marveled that a turnkey's daughter should look so like a queen's daughter—meaning no offence to the feminine portion of the model family of the Windsor household. But, presto! one night she disappeared out of the window of her room, and I suppose some lover was in the affair; for young maids don't generally jump out of windows unless they are sure there is a pair of outstretched arms and a true heart between the window sill and the brick-bats below!"

"My cousin, will you be serious. You are said to have eloped with her!"

"Yes. So I have been told. Even the bull-headed father (can pearls come forth of clams?) charged me with the carrying away his child!"

"And you did not!"

"No, Sir Paul."

"Upon you honor!"

"Upon my sacred honor! I knew nothing of the matter! That very night I was out secretly. But as you are interested in the matter, I will reveal to you that a nobleman now in prison, my friend, had begged me to give him an opportunity to visit his wife and children. I consented. We left the tower secretly together, and he passed the night and the following day beneath his own roof, returning with me at break of day the second morning. In the interim the young girl vanished, and the father had nearly taken my life in his rage. But I am innocent as the babe unborn, Sir Paul. But why this interest in her?"

"Her—her mother was one of our tenants! She has friends who care for her," answered the baronet evasively. "Have you any idea where she is?"

"None on earth!"

The baronet, now completely at fault, for a time gave up the hope of finding her, and as some diversion to his thoughts gave himself up to gaming, passing his time for the next seven weeks, (up to the day our first chapter begins) at De Fretti's.

In our next chapter we will draw aside the vail of mystery which the baronet could not penetrate.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STEP-FATHER IN THE TOWER.

In order to clear up the mystery which envelopes the flight of the beautiful Kate Hinchcliff from the Tower, it is necessary that the reader goes back with us to the time when she was a pupil at the French boarding-school, from which at the age of eighteen her step-father removed her to his apartments in the Tower; a course sufficiently imprudent, but dictated by his vanity. Proud of her beauty and accomplishments, he felt like exhibiting his treasure to the world; like the Persian who, having found a bird with wings set with emeralds, and diamonds for eyes, took it into the bazaar to gratify his personal vanity with other men's envy; when a thief robbed him of it, and left him in despair. If John Hinchcliff had read this fable he would have reflected awhile before letting his vanity get the better of his discretion.

But the mischief had been done, however, before the maiden came to the Tower. The robber of the emerald bird had seen it and coveted it before its owner displayed it in the bazaar.

On the evening of the day on which the fair Kate was eighteen, Madame, the head of the school, honored the occasion with a little *fete*, quite in the French way; for the lovely English girl (whose history no one knew, save that the bills were duly paid on presentation) was a favorite with all within its walls.

Madame, to give *eclat* to the *fete*, had invited some of her friends, and among them two or three French exiles, who were residing not far distant.

Among the male guests—the French exiles—the immaculate Bonopartists, was a young man, quiet in his manners, well-dressed, without expensive display, silent and rather sad; with dark hair, a pale cheek, an unexceptional moustache, *a la* huzzar, and pale blue eyes, with rather an introverted expression, as if he looked more within than without—eyes that seemed indolent, and yet evidently concealed hidden fire, which circumstances might make appear. His whole appearance was that of a man of conscious power, but who had no cause for exerting it, and showing the man within. His smile, when he did smile, which was seldom, was very brilliant and attractive. He had just arrived, and been for some minutes conversing with madame, or rather she with him, by a table in the arbor of the garden, where the fete was held, when Catharine Pauline Varney, for such was the name her mother had given her, refusing to the last to recognize that of Hinchcliff, appeared with two girls enfolding their arms around her.

"Who is that?" demanded the young exile, with animation, his heavily-lidded eyes sparkling with unwonted brilliancy, as he regarded the charming maiden, who was distinguished by a crown of white roses.

"It is the queen of the fete, Mam'selle Varney! Let me present, Monsieur! Ma chere fille," she added, addressing Kate, who, on seeing the stranger, was turning to go away, "come hither!"

The maiden blushingly advanced. She had been presented to the other emigres without evincing any emotion. Why does she blush now? Is it that fate gives her an instinctive prophecy that her future is to be identified from that moment with that of his! Her blushes hightened her beauty, extraordinary at all times.

"Monsieur Count de Bienville, Mam'selle!"

The count bowed with grace, and yet with a slight hauteur, which was perhaps a part of his character, and which even before one to whom he evidently wished to appear to advantage, he could not wholly divest himself of.

The maiden curtesied, with downcast eyes. The other girls, though very handsome, did not draw a second look from the young Frenchman. At a sign from madame she took a seat. He commenced at once a conversation with her in French, and when he found, from her reply, that she spoke it perfectly, he looked pleased.

"Mademoiselle ought to be Parisienne, she speaks so purely the best French," he said. "You have been in France?"

"Non, Monsieur!"

"No? You should visit Paris!"

"I have a great desire to do so," she answered, with self-possession.

"There is no place like Paris, mademoiselle. It is the earth's heart! It is the brain of the world! It is the only garden of Eden the globe holds!"

"Dear, delightful Paris!" exclaimed madame, with a sigh. "I shall never see it more! The republic exists! I can never see Paris unless the Court revives. Bah! there can be no Court in a villain republique!"

"Do not be angry, madame," said the count, with a smile. "Republics are the foundations of monarchies. Mark me! Upon the present republic will be erected an empire ere you or I are many years older."

"And who the emperor?"

"That is in the secret of the future," he answered; "but with the time will come the man."

He continued for a few moments to speak so well, so sensitively, and in such a striking manner of the destinies of France that Catherine Varney, herself possessing a mind of great intelligence, could not but listen with admiration, stealing from time to time glances at his finely animated face. When at length he turned his conversation to her, as madame was called away, he so captivated her by his attractive manner of speaking, as well as by the originality and beauty of his thoughts, that she for the first moment in her life felt that sensation of a desire (which is an instinct in woman, and the germ out of which grows love) to lean upon such a strong mind, and be loved by such a manly and strong heart. Woman, like the sun-flower ever facing the sun, turns towards man as her sun—as the God of her heart's dependence. As it is the glory of the morn to look ever to the sun for her borrowed splendor, so it is the glory of woman to derive all her heart's light from the eye of man! Catherine Varney felt in the presence of this intelligent and animated foreigner a strange happiness flowing into her heart.

Was he conscious of the effect he was producing? Aware of his power was he—seeking to fascinate and bewilder until he could capture the heart that his presence had set to fluttering with delightful fears and sweet hopes—till then a stranger to it!

After they had been conversing half an hour, he proposed that they should go and visit a night-blooming ceres, which he said he heard was about to bloom.

"I have never seen one of them put out," he added; "and as I am told they bloom but once in a year, and while in existence surpass all other floral wonders in splendor and beauty, I have a desire to see this, as it is opening."

It was just twilight. The moonlight softly flecked the sward, shining through the leaves of the over-arching foliage.

The flower was at some distance at the extremity of the avenue. As they walked they talked, and with consummate art and feeling he cast the golden meshes of his chosen words and tender sentiments about her heart. Their step grew slower! As she listened his voice grew lower! Her head was bent gently towards his lips, and her color went and came as never before.

Men of the world, who have had conquests in that "field of the cloth of gold," the heart of a virgin, know the vantage points, and are skilled knights in that delicious tournament where the lances are feathered from cupid's wings. A man of the world, by the side of a blushing girl, in whose bosom he is the first to awaken emotions, knows his power. She is as a bird over which the fowler is casting his net. It is only sight of the danger and an escape which makes her guarded, then when the fowler is again near, she remembers that he carries nets and snares.

The fair Catherine, simple bird, had never before met a fowler. She had never seen a snare, and had no suspicion that it was dangerous to be nigh his path. Her very trustfulness—the sweet abandon of unsuspecting innocence—showed the young foreigner that the young girl had never yet been affrighted by love—that the placid lake of her soul was unruffled and virgin to the lightest zephyr of passion.

As they advanced conversing, he saw that many persons were gathered about the flower, and said—

"Let us turn aside, and not join them. I prefer your society, mademoiselle, to the fairest flower that ever bloomed in Paradise!"

She did not refuse. Already he led her captive at his will. For an hour (it seemed but a few moments to her) they were alone, seated in a retired part of the garden! At length voices were heard calling for her. She obeyed them and rose to go, blushing. He pressed her to his heart—their lips met—their hearts were one! She who had left the presence of madame a young girl, ignorant that she had a heart, returned to it, feeling that a heart was all the world—that life were darkness but for love.

A passion thus born by degrees grew from day to day. Secret interviews were obtained. Catherine felt that life, without the presence of her lover, was a wearisome existence. At length one day the count, who had sought an interview with madame, said—

"And only a cottager's daughter?"

"No more! I have seen her father! He is a man of the bourgeois class—heavy and gross!

"He cannot then be her father. If I know anything of blood, she is a thorough-bred woman!

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"He is a turnkey in the Tower of London!"

"She is the loveliest maiden I have seen in England."

"And very sensible and strong-minded, and a great deal of intelligence and spirit. Lovely as she is, if she is offended, her eye flashes like a falcon's, and her head is carried in her anger like that of an empress. Ma foi! It is sublime to see her insulted!"

"And who has insulted her?"

"One of the girls—a countess's daughter—a plain creature—wholly from envy. She called her a plebeian."

"I wonder you took her into your school?"

"Which—the countess's?"

"No—this beautiful plebeian."

"Our French schools here in England don't know the distinctions, and don't notice them so much as these servile English teachers do. All the same to us, so that they pay the bills, and this very countess has not paid her daughter's for a year past. But mam'selle is going to her father."

"When?" asked the lover, with a start of surprise.

"Next Monday. He comes for her."

"To take her whither?"

"I know not—perhaps to his Tower."

Parbleu! It will be keeping her in a cage. I must try and prevent it."

"Monsieur will not make her miserable?"

"No;" and he colored with a look of guilt.

"I know Monsieur le comte will not marry her."

"Madame, adieu," said the count, coldly, rising and bowing, as he took his leave.

The next week Catherine left the "Pension Francaise" under the care of her step-father, the turnkey, whom she believed to be her own father, and whose continued devotion and kindness to her, from a child, had made her love him, although it was with something of a fear; for nature, when it hears not the true echo of its filial voice from a true father's heart, feels that something (it knows not what) is lacking. So Catherine's heart always kept something back. It did not all and wholly go out to him—did not fully return his affection; for his to her was false—was not and could not be a father's love, however closely it imitated it. Such a tie, therefore, as existed between them, being rotten on one side, could be easily sundered.

Hinchcliff had a hard struggle with himself. He felt that he was in a false position with reference to the beautiful and intelligent, and high-blooded girl he claimed to be his child. He could not bend to her—no! she was the daughter of a man he hated, and of a woman he had for twelve years detested. He could not, by confessing her a superior, thus do homage to two persons he abhorred from the ground of his revengeful heart. The result was, that he began secretly to dislike her. He feared her ridicule when he spoke, for he knew he was a poor grammarian, and that his ideas were not as refined as they might be. But she had never given him cause for offence. She tried to temper her superiority by humility; but one might as well hide a candle in a glass lantern, as for her superiority not to shine forth constantly in the obscurity of his presence. So he went less and less frequently to her room, grew morose and gloomy, and finally could not speak to her kindly. The result was a gradual estrangement; for as there was nothing in Hinchcliff to love save his love for her, when this ceased, her love fell back into her own bosom. So there are vines in the tropics which, when the column around which they have folded themselves is taken away, entwine themselves about their own stem, and seek to clasp their tendrils about their own roots.

Who then shall be surprised that with joy she opened a furtively received note (for love laughs at turnkeys and tower walls) sent to her by the Count de Bienville. It breathed devotion—love —passion. It was like a ray of sunshine amid her heart's desolation and loneliness; for the presence of her step-father, when, at intervals of two or three days, he visited her, had become painful to her; besides, he had seen young Captain Henley speaking with her at her door, as she was watering her plants, and this more than once, the result of which was that he sharply reproved her and removed her plants, and forbid her to appear at the door.

But little did Catherine care for the young officer. The reader is already aware that his attentions were received coldly, and that he soon gave up all idea of assailing a citadel which seemed to constructed of ice, like a Russian palace. But the bitterness and severity of her step-father's language—the names which he, in his jealous anger, cast upon her—severed, as with the shears of Fate, all love for him. In anger and tears she rose and left him in her room, and only escaped his infuriated grasp by locking her inner door, saying, as she fled, to herself—

"*Can* that man be my father?"

Whether he heard the words or not we know not; but ere her door was quite closed and locked, she heard his deep, fierce voice say, with an oath—

"One might know she was an accursed aristocrat's brat, and no child of mine!" and he added, as he turned away—"Her eyes flashed with all the anger of the Varneys! I might as well tame a young eagle in a chicken coop as one of her race. She's getting beyond me. But I'll tame her in, or she——"

He was interrupted by a call to open the gate to a company of visitors. With these was the Count de Bienville, disguised as a hackney coachman, who asked humbly permission, while his "fare" was looking about, to be permitted to stare around in the outer court of the Tower.

The lover made use of his opportunity to good purpose. He managed, as he walked round, to get a view of Catherine's window, for she had written him its situation in one of her notes. He saw her at the window. She was pale and in tears. She did not suspect, in the roughly attired and bewhiskered hackman, the presence of him, whom at that moment she was wistfully thinking of. He managed to give her a signal which drew her attention. She saw him place a note in a crevice near the gate, between two stones. At length, she wholly unsuspicious that it was the count, he departed with the persons he had brought. She waited patiently for night to go and obtain the billet, which her heart told her was from her lover, now a thousand times dearer to her than before.

But just at twilight, as she was opening her door to go out, her step-father stood before it.

"Where now?" he asked, angrily. "Go back! You shall not leave your room without my permission. And he rudely thrust her in again. He followed her into the room, up and down which she paced like an angry leopardess.

"What means this conduct?" she said, haughtily.

"St—st, madame. You might as well be calm. You're getting too frisky. I mean to tame you. The law will be on my side."

"The law, sir? What has law to do?"

"A great deal, if you knew all. But I won't mortify you. I'll not be cruel. Come, Kate, you might as well get off that high fence, and walk down in the lane, like humble people."

"I overheard, as you went out to-day, a few words that have rung in my ears. What did they mean?"

"Oh—nothing, child, nothing. If I should tell you, you would be too much ashamed to hold up your proud little head. But if you'll behave yourself like a lady—but that you are doing too much of now—but like a sensible young woman—I won't humiliate you."

"Father—sir—John Hinchcliff—what fearful mystery do you mock me with? You said to-day, if I understood you well, that I was an aristocrat's brat. What meant you?"

"Nothing—nothing—just nothing at all."

"You did! There is something in me that says I am not your child! Your late behavior almost convinces me of it! You have never satisfied me about my mother!"

"If I did, you wouldn't thank me!"

"Do not torture me with that bitter smile! What of her? Were you not married to her? I can think of nothing else horrible that your dark words convey."

"Oh, yes," answered Hinchcliff, laughing. "So far as that goes, I was lawfully married to her."

"What then! I see a deep, significant, and evil meaning in your eyes."

"What would you say, Madam Proud, if I should tell you that you were *not* my daughter?"

"I should, as I now feel towards you, go down on my knees, and thank God for the news!"

"But suppose!" he cried, with concentrated rage in his voice, while his eyes glared upon her like a wild boar's, "that I should tell you that you were not born in wedlock at all!"

She started as if stung. Then, with a spirit in her eye before which his own quailed, like a craven wretch as he was, she answered, and her voice rung like a silver battle-trumpet—

"I would then thank God, so that I were certain *thou* wert not my father!"

"I *am* not; and with such a devil as is in you, it is fortunate for me that I am not! Your real father was never married to your mother!"

She gasped! She became deadly pale! She caught at a chair to support herself. There was a dignity and grief and shame all blended in her beautiful aspect.

"Sir, you have pierced my heart! But deep as the wound is, with the pain you have administered a healing power, in saying that you are not my father. This gives me courage. I will not ask you to swear that I am an illegitimate child, for fear you will refuse the oath, and say you told me so to humble me. I do not wish it unsaid. I am willing to embrace this infamy so I am not your child—a greater infamy still to bear. Leave me, sir!"

He regarded her for a few seconds in amazement, and then obeyed the voice and eye which he dared not encounter. The result had been different from what he had anticipated. He had not intended thus to deprive himself of his power and right over her, by unfolding to her the secret of her birth.

"But she compelled me to it. She made me so enraged with her pride and haughtiness. Well—she shall now be my prisoner till she is humbled. The law will sustain me. The law believes her to be my child. Not Sir Paul Varney, her father, sohuld he come back, could get her out of my power. And, so help me Heaven! I will make her suffer; and through her avenge myself on her father and her mother. The girl has for a month past suspected I was not her father!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

Pride and Vanity.—No two qualities in the human mind are more essentially different, though often confounded, than pride and vanity; the proud man entertains the highest opinion of himself; the vain man only strives to infuse such an opinion into the minds of others; the proud man thinks admiration his due; the vain man is satisfied if he can but obtain it; pride, by stateliness, demands respect; vanity, by little artifices, solicits applause; pride, therefore, makes men disagreeable, and vanity, ridiculous.

* * *

Singular Tree.—In the Island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable, called "the sorrowful tree," because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet after half an hour it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up; and others continue flowering in the night during the whole year.

* * *

Though reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation that must form our judgment.

A FRAGMENT.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"At last I see the vesper star:
Carlos, attune thee thy guitar,
And, while I hear thee singing,
I will forget the ruined years
To whose dark shrines my early tears
In icy drops are clinging."

"I must go elsewhere, Isabel—
But yonder bird will sing as well."
The maiden gazed above her;
Then sadly bowed her graceful head,
And in deep, echoing accents said—
"He is the Rose's lover."

He heard the low, reproachful tone,
But passed, and left her all alone—
Amid soft, southern sweetness;
Where earth and air awaken love,
He left a girl to weep above
A fairy heart-dream's fleetness.

* * * * *

'Twas night. Voluptuous music sighed,
'Mid light and perfume, o'er a bride
Whose mist-like veil was flowing
Around a form of faultless mold;
But Carlos—dreamy, pale, and cold—
Gazed on her cheek's rich glowing.

"If it were Isabel!" he said—
Then hurried where the wine's rich red
Flashed its bewildering brightness,
And with flushed cheek, and restless eye,
And heart where feverish fires burned high,
Spoke words of mirth and lightness.

Vain was *her* rank, her beauty's spell—
The thought, "If it were Isabel,"
Writhed in his bosom's sadness;
And ere the rosy, smiling May,
That brought his bridal, passed away
Her stars looked on his madness.

Oft all alone by night he'd rave
By Isabel's deserted grave,
And waste his tears above her.
And when the nightingale was heard,
He'd mutter, listening to the bird,
"He is the Rose's lover."

Ah—though his story's sad to hear,
Though it awakes the sigh and tear,
And makes the spirit falter—
How many hearts, like his, could tell
The thought—*If it were Isabel*—
Has chilled them at the altar!

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.—THE REPTILE'S STING.

The fatal day had arrived, and Isabel Carlton stood by the side of the man to whom her father had pledged her, and about sat the company which had assembled to witness the nuptials, among them Philip Lancey, who, trusting to his Indian disguise for safety, had determined to be present at the wedding, and had the night before visited Isabel in her room, and heard her solemn avowal of her determination to wed Guy Bradbrook, in accordance with her pledge to her dying father. We say Philip trusted to his disguise as Kanadandagea for safety; but, alas for human precautions, it had been penetrated; and he was known to his bitterest foes, who had laid a secure plan for his speedy death.

The minister commences the ceremony; but on the same instant Guy Bradbrook uttered a quick, thrilling cry of agony—a wild, agonized death-shriek, while, mingling with it, came the sharp crack of a rifle!

Guy Bradbrook clapped both hands to his bosom, where he felt a hot, burning sting of pain, and staggered back.

"I am shot!" he gasped, in terror-stricken tones. "Killed! killed! Run! Seize the villain! 'Twas Zebulon Beebe! I saw him at first! Oh, my God! what a terrible look he gave me!"

Pale and frightened the poor bride sprang from the death-stricken man, and she would have sunk to the floor had not stout arms supported her. She felt the embrace, and when she gazed up she met the eager, passionate, hopeful glance of Philip Lancey. The disguised youth had seen it all from the instant he saw Guy stagger back, and feeling assured that his assumed character was yet safe, he hoped he might get Isabel away ere the excitement was over.

Half-a-dozen men had leaped from the open window in pursuit of the murderer, while the others were crowding about the spot where the old Tory held his dying son in his arms; and amid the excitement of the time Philip raised the fainting maiden in his arms.

"Isabel," he whispered, "will you go with me now?"

"Yes! Oh! save me!"

The eager, hoping lover had borne his burden across the room to the door, when Nathan Bradbrook suddenly sprang from his son's side, exclaiming as he did so—

"Where is the Indian? Seize him! Bind him! Quick! Let him not escape!"

Three of the men who had been appointed for the purpose were at hand, and ere Philip could reach the hall he was stopped—the maiden snatched from him—and he thrown upon his back. He struggled some, but the attack had been so sudden, and the bonds were so handy, that his feet and hands were firmly lashed almost before he could realize how it had happened. When he was thus bound the three men laid him back upon the floor, and stood watch over him; while Isabel was borne from the apartment by Rachel Dowder and one of the bridesmaids.

Meanwhile, Guy had been raised to a large stuffed couch, and the clothing torn from his bosom. Upon the left breast, directly above the heart, was a livid spot, from which trickled two drops of blood—only two! It seemed but a small puncture—not unlike a plague-spot; but when those who stood around saw where it was they knew the heart was scathed! As the clothing was torn wholly off, something dropped from the back, and a trickling stream of blood followed it. The clergyman stooped and picked it up, and it was a leaden slug—a cone-shaped missile, with the apex tapering and sharp, though now slightly bent from its contact with some bone.

At this moment, one of the men who had gone in pursuit of Beebe rushed into the room, and in his hand he bore a piece of paper. It was nearly covered with rough, uncouth characters, which seemed to have been written with an old pen, and the juice of some dark berry.

Nathan Bradbrook's took the paper in his trembling grasp, and read as follows:—

"*I have a slug made from the lead of a whip-butt which a coward-villain struck me with; and it is for the heart of him who has beat me like a dog, and who would have ruined the wife I love better than all of earth beside! To revenge my wrongs, and to save my wife, I send death to the villain at the moment when he expects a wife of his own!*
"BEEBE."

"What is it?" asked Guy, in a gasping, hollow tone.

"It is only an insulting thing from Beebe, telling how he kills you out of revenge."

"Revenge!" whispered the dying man. "Let me see it!" he cried, starting up with a sudden effort. He grasped the paper, but he could not read. His eye turned pale, and the light grew dim, and with the missive still clutched in his fingers, he sank back.

The women had come with the bandages, and the old man raised his son up again. But it was to be of no avail.

"*His revenge! His wife!*" shrieked Guy, in sharp, eagle-like notes. "I never did it! Curses on her! *Rebecca!—Rebecca!*" he added, in a sinking whisper. "Where are you? You must not tell your husband! Where are you? *Gone! The bed empty? Rebecca!* Curses on the——"

He spoke no more! He turned heavily upon his side as though to ease the sharp pain at the back, and as he did so the lamp of life went out.

The minister, who had come to say to that youth—"Live, and may God bless you in your new estate!" now folded his hands above the lifeless form, and said instead—

"*God have mercy on his soul!*"

* * * * * * * * * *

Full of wrath and revenge, Nathan Bradbrook quitted the corpse of his son, to sit in judgment on Philip Lancey. A mock-court was soon opened; and the old man, acting as accuser, witness and judge, aided by a mob of Tory sycophants—who were all bitter enemies of the gallant prisoner—condemned Philip to be hung as a spy and a traitor; and his inexorable and blood-thirsty judge ordered the sentence to be carried out on the spot.

Upon one of the tall linden trees in front of the Bradbrook mansion, where a stout limb grew out over the yard, a ladder was placed, and over the limb was fixed a rope upon the hanging end of which was a slip-noose, while directly beneath it was a cart! The prisoner saw the terrible arrangement, and his heart sank like lead in his bosom.

"My soul! Oh! they cannot do this!" he groaned, in bitterest agony.

"What do they do with spies—especially spies who have delivered up whole companies to the enemy—when they find 'em in the rebel camps and forts?" asked one of his guards, very quietly, and significantly.

Philip felt the whole force of the question. It silenced him at once; and had he been tried in a decent manner he might not have murmured. But to be hurried away to an ignominious death in such a manner, and by such a miserable crew, was terrible beyond conception. Nor was that all. Guy's death had set Isabel free! Oh! how that one thought had thrilled through his soul. But 'twas too late! alas, too late!

He reached the cart, and as he placed his foot upon the first step a sharp, wild cry of agony broke through the air. He turned his gaze in an instant to the point where the cry had come, and he saw Isabel at her window just sinking, faint and lifeless, into the arms of old Phillis!

That was the most terrible blow of all!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

No one would have supposed—few would have believed—that Nathan Bradbrook had just lost a son—an only child—by a sudden and a violent death. His voice arose above all others in brutal and obscene speech, and his flushed face was stamped with fiendish exultation, as he witnessed the terrible agony which Philip could no longer conceal.

"I wish somebody would go up and make that girl screech out again in just that way!" he said, with a wicked leer at the prisoner.

But the young patriot answered him only with a look of pity and scorn.

"Down with the rope!" the old wretch exclaimed. "Come, you dog of a rebel! up into the cart with you!"

Philip had again placed his foot upon the step, when another sound broke upon the air. It was the tramp of iron-shod hoofs upon the hard carriage-way in front of the house. They were not far off, but the large building shut them from view.

"A party from the baronet to witness the marriage!" said the minister,

"Never mind—up with the rebel dog!" shouted Bradbrook.

But the rebel dog went no higher up then!

At that moment a horseman dashed around the corner of the house. It was a negro, with long arms and rounded back. He saw the startling position of things before him, and with a mighty shout he dashed forward. Like a winged monster the foam-covered steed came crashing over every obstacle, and when he reached the tree the rider leaped from his sadle, knocked the black-robed priest one way, and Nathan Bradbrook the other; and in a moment more he had cut the cord that bound Philip's arms, and placed a heavy sword in his hands.

For a few seconds those that stood around were so utterly astounded that they could not move, and by the time they had recovered their presence of mind, a score of full-armed men, all well mounted, came dashing up to the spot.

"Mas'r, hab dey hurt ye?" the faithful Jocko cried, as he heard the coming of his comrades.

"Not a particle, good, noble Jocko!" our hero returned, grasping the negro by the hand.

"Den you am safe! Hi-yak-yak!"

As the noble fellow thus spoke, Captain Grover, at the head of thirty stout men, reached the side of the saved one.

"Dismount! Seize every one of them!" the Patriot captain shouted.

He was obeyed at once, and ere many minutes the work was accomplished. The excitement, and the suddenness of this unlooked-for presence, all tended to render the Tories incapable of defence. And then they were almost entirely unarmed, save a few of the servants, who dared not take the responsibility of commencing a battle with such odds. The "commandant," Nathan Bradbrook, Esquire, had buckled on his sword previous to presiding at the trial, but he dared not draw it.

As soon as every man of the murderous gang had been secured, Philip requested permission of Captain Grover to retire into the house for a short time, which was readily granted.

After our hero was gone, Captain Grover turned to where the prisoners were standing.

"What do you mean to do with me, sir?" demanded Bradbrook.

"I mean to clip your wings, sir!" replied the Patriot commander.

"What, sir? Keep me a prisoner, do you mean?"

"Exactly."

"But I have a dead son lying in my house."

"And another man—a better man than you—came nigh having a dead son hanging by one of your trees."

"But you've no business to take a common citizen from his own house."

"Are you not an officer under the king?"

"Not in service now."

"Aha! Then you are a murderer!"

"A murderer? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you were about to murder Philip Lancey!"

"But—but—he is a spy."

"And what right had *you* to meddle with him, if he be a spy?"

"By right of my office."

"Ha, ha, ha,—so I thought. I find you can speak the truth when you run against it in the dark! Aye, sir—*by right of your office!* I find you in the very act of exercising one of the highest prerogatives of the commander of a military station, and hence I take you my prisoner, and hence shall keep you fast!"

"But my dead son. You would not force me from him?"

"The only condition upon which you can remain is, that you furnish me a hostage who holds the same station that you hold."

"But—sir—that is impossible."

"Then it is equally impossible for you to be left. But hark ye: I shall leave enough of your friends here to do the work properly, and with all due solemnity."

When Isabel next opened her eyes with sense and reason, after her frightful sorrow, an old familiar voice had struck an awakening cord in her bosom. She gazed up and met the fond, prayerful look of Philip Lancey!

"Isabel! Isabel! Oh, my dearest soul, all is safe! I am saved, darling! I am saved! Look up! Oh! look up, and live for Philip now!"

Wildly and strangely the awakened girl gazed upon her lover, and then she pressed her hands upon her brow.

"Oh! what horrible dream was that? Philip! Oh, God! what a terrible dream I had!"

"But it is all over!" our hero cried, imprinting a warm kiss upon the fair girl's pale cheek. "I am safe, darling. They did mean to hang me! But I am saved now! Look up, dearest. What more have we to fear?"

"But Guy—why—who—killed him?"

"Did you not see it?"

"I lost all sense."

"It was Zebulon Beebe. Guy had abused him——"

"Oh! I know!" cried Isabel, joyfully. "I remember now. Oh! I heard the poor man swear a solemn oath of vengeance! Yes—yes—I heard him!"

"And the abuse Guy had heaped upon him personally was not half of his cause of vengeance. Beebe has a beautiful young wife whose ruin and shame Guy had sworn to accomplish!"

A shudder crept through the girl's frame, and yet a look of new relief came to her face.

"Oh, Philip!" she whispered, clinging to him with passionate fondness, "I almost feared you had seen that simple-minded man—that——"

"That I knew he meant to kill Guy?"

"Yes—yes. But, O——"

"Hush. Isabel—I would have saved him from that assassin stroke sooner than I would have been a party to his death!"

"I knew it! I knew it! Forgive me—'twas only a fear! Oh! my poor brain was sadly turned. Pardon, Philip!"

A soft kiss was the answer; and on the next moment Rachel Dowder entered.

"Mr. Lancey and Miss Carlton," she said, with tears in her eyes, and with a tremulous voice, "Mr. Bradbrook has permission to have a funeral service performed immediately, and the captain of the soldiers who have coom has sent me to see if you'd coom down below an' be present."

"Can you bear it, Isabel?" Philip asked.

"I must."

So they went.

And Isabel Carlton, all in her bridal robes, stood leaning upon the arm of him who still looked the savage war-chief, and heard the minister say the burial service over the dead body of him who, but a few short hours before, stood, full of life and selfish hope, ready for the same minister to make him her husband! It was a solemn season to her, and one fraught with strange lessons. But she sustained herself calmly, and when she turned away she said to her companion,—

"Oh! how wondrous are the ways of God!"

* * * * * * * * * *

Half an hour later Isabel Carlton was on her way back to Fort Schuyler, with Philip Lancey by her side. She was not escaping now. *She was free! She was free!* The fatal bonds were severed forever, and her father's will had been answered by the hand of him who doeth all things of his own infinite will! She was happy, and she was sad; but above all other feelings arose the one great emotion of deep, prayerful thanksgiving to God for his tender mercy, and with it went forth an ardent prayer for the soul of him who had gone!

When the party reached the fort, which they did in safety, the prisoners were placed under safe keeping, and then a season of joy followed, which extended far into the night. Old Walter Lancey forgot his pains and aches, and the surgeon afterwards asserted that the events of that evening drove more rheumatism out of his system than any amount of medicine could have started. The gallant Willet grasped Philip's hands with joy, and the other officers came crowding around in turn to feel his warm grasp once more.

And then there was a great surprise in the fort, too. Philip's secret was now out, for he had returned in his Indian costume; and the praise which had been due before was now showered upon him from all tongues.

While Philip and Isabel were in the commandant's quarters receiving the congratulations of their friends, Jocko was in the barracks, with a dense crowd of soldiers packed closely about him, while he related to them the wondrous events of the day.

And at the same time, in the kitchen, with the women huddled about her, sat old Phillis, like an Egyptian deity made of ebony, delivering to her gaping auditors the terrible, the horrible, the wonderful, the incredible, and the astounding things she had seen and heard.

One day Walter Lancey called Isabel to him, and said—

"My dear child, I am going to Albeny, where Philip and I have a fine house, which was recently left to us by a relative, not long since deceased. Will you go with us, and let me be your guardian still?"

And Isabel sank upon the old man's bosom and said—

"Yes."

* * * * * * * * * *

The war progressed, and both cloud and sunshine came upon the Patriot cause. In their new residence, at Albany, Walter Lancey and his children found a pleasant and a comfortable home. They were not brought into contact with the chilling pressence of renegade Tories, for Albany was the home of Patriotism—the dwelling-place of good, brave men.

But Philip was not to remain in luxurious ease. He reported himself to General Gates, and produced a copy of resolutions passed by Congress, complimenting him for his bravery and good service in delivering up many Tories and Indians, and also letters of recommendation from Willett and Gansevoort. He received the rank of a major, and was at once placed on duty.

Isabel had passed her nineteenth year, and the old banker who had her property made it all over to her, though, at her request, he still kept it in his charge, subject, at any time, to her order.

And now there are a few whom we must follow a little way.

Zebulon Beebe had not long to remain concealed; for, as Nathan Bradbrook was gone, little search was made for him. And beside, the facts of Guy's brutal treatment of him, and also of his base attempts upon the sanctity of his home, became generally known, and few, if any, blamed him for what he had done. He finally made his way to the Hudson, where he placed his pretty wife with her uncle, and then he went and joined the Patriot army. He served faithfully to the end, and when he came home, he wore the uniform of a sergeant. For him that was an honor indeed, and he was never so proud of his badge as when his wife said she loved him better than ever, now that he had earned so good a name and station.

Nathan Bradbrook lived not to see the end of the war. Sick and broken down, he was allowed to go back to his desolate home, where he failed and died from disappointed ambition, and gnawing, cankering passions. His property was covered by debts to four times its value, so he had nothing to leave for his servants or friends—relatives he had none!

* * * * *

In a comfortably furnished parlor of a substantial mansion in Albany stood five persons.

Philip Lancey took the hand of Isabel Carlton within his own, and gazed into her beautiful face—a face now flushed with health and joyful hope.

"Isabel," he said, in a low, tremulous tone, made so by the strange memories that came crowding back upon his mind, "the day of joy has dawned upon our country, and we are saved to see the last enemy of liberty either banished from our soil, or silenced forever. The hour so long looked for, so prayerfully awaited, and so fondly, aye, wildly hoped for, is come. America is free, and my duty as a soldier is done. And now—now—I ask for the hand you alone can give—the hand of her I have so long and so truly loved. Isabel, will you be my wife now?"

And Isabel returned her lover's gaze; and while the warm, bright tears started out upon her silken lashes, she answered—

"Yes, Philip!—Oh, my beloved, yes!"

And while she sank upon his bosom, and he wound his arms fondly about her, old Walter Lancey moved forward and laid his hands upon their heads. Big tears of a great joy rolled down his furrowed cheeks while he murmured—

"My noble, honored children, God bless you both, and make your last days as happy as mine are—as happy as mine must be while you are spared to me?"

And close by stood Jocko and Phillis—generous and faithful still—counting their lives as little worth save so far as they were made of good to their master and mistress;—there they stood, gazing upon the happy scene, and crying like two children!

THE END.

AN ESSAY IN PRAISE OF HUMBUG.

Mighty power! before whose shrine millions kneel, yet are indignant if taxed with their true faith, we own thy potent power. Great King who rulest over all arts, sciences, crafts, and callings, thou universal association within thyself, we own that we are compelled to bow before thee, thou mighty president of "boiling pots." What thousands live on thee who are ashamed of their benefactor, but whom in the end thy vengeance overtaketh, and whom just and upright men kick for their ingratitude. Thu givest unto tens of thousands their daily bread, yet no one publicly offereth thee thanks; in windows art thou ticketed, in advertisements set forth—millions live on thee; to-day thou displayest thyself in a picture, to-morrow in a book, or art ready to show thyself in any national undertaking, yet no one calleth thee friend. Thou art ever willing to become a shareholder in any undertaking; and although thousands owe unto thee their success, yet none have ever had gratitude enough to propose for thee a statue, or to offer thee even a paltry piece of plate, fairly engraven with thy "good name." Thy offerings are carried under a cloak, as if men were ashamed of thee; they call thee Honesty, and Honor, Generosity, and Gratitude, nickname thee Service, and Sense, and see thy useful abilities, but are ashamed of calling thee by thy real name. We kneel, and own that thou art Humbug alone—great, glorious, and worthy of a million monuments, most dear delightful Humbug! Oh, when will men be grateful enough to take off their hats, and shake hands with thee in open squares and long streets, and welcome thee by thy own true name, most mighty Humbug! Most sweet soother of every human silliness, softener down of harsh words, luller to sleep of open truth, stiller of stormy passions, refiner of vulgar honesty, kindest friend of form, great merchant of masks, blandest of all belles, tender mother of thieves, redeemer of rogues, dear delicious compound of all damnabilities, we drink to thee, and own thy greatness, Humbug! Mightiest and most agreeable of all petty sins, how amiable dost thou endeavor to appear; looking ever young, whether thou art shrouded under a cluster of false curls, or carriest a summer bloom of thine own tinting upon thy cheeks, thou dear repairer of faces! Youth thrusts himself into narrow-pointed shoes for thy sake, and old age hobbles along with his tripple-corned toes in honor of thee; while fair maidens lace tightly, breathe heavily, and expand their skirts, in thy cause. Thou art the great patron of coxcombs, the friend of flatterers, the saintly covering of the hypocrite, promoter of folly over wisdom, a lover of sound before sense, fashion's firmest follower, money-mounter over merit, and ever showing thyself folly's only friend, and avarice's faithful attendant. What patriots hast thou made! men who would have died for their country's good, had they not found that thou didst reward thy servants with all they thought worth living for. Maker of many converts, backer of the brainless, friend of pettifoggers, favorer of fusty formality, manager of marriages, deep deplorer of deaths, chief crocodile of weepers, fountain of onion-eyed tears! no human brain is large enough to contain a tithe of the remembrance of thy great qualities, most omnipotent Humbug!

SLANDER is a secret propensity of the mind to think ill of all men, and afterwards to utter such sentiments in scandalous expressions.

IMPRUDENCE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

We are too apt to invest all our happiness in one or two faculties, or in one or two classes of faculties. When disaster happens then we are utter bankrupts, whereas, had we invested in each one of our faculties we might still go prosperously on when half, or more, of them had given out. To live alone in the passions, or in the appetites, or the affections, or the intellect, or even in the moral sentiments, is not true living—nor *safe*. A man should live in them all—in every part of himself; if he does not he will be sure to suffer loss. We were made with capacity to outride every storm of life. We have thirty air-tight and water-tight compartments in our ship. Into part of these if the rock breaks and the seas flow, the rest will float us *if we have kept them in good condition.*

Oh! that we might learn *to know ourselves*; and so to carry ourselves through life that we shall not at last have to be towed into port, a mastless and battered hulk, but go riding in triumphantly, as a ship so freighted, should.

A COCKROACH IN TROUBLE.

Although cockroaches abound inconveniently at the Mauritius, it is not without pity one sees them consigned, as they frequently are, to a living grave, by a wicked-looking insect much resembling a Spanish fly. It is impossible to witness his proceedings, combined with his glittering blue and green dress, without imagining the elfish demon of a pantomime leading an innocent victim to a perpetual entombment in a haunted cavern. Let the cockroach be moving never so briskly across the wall, he has no sooner caught sight of the fatal insect—not a quarter of his size—than all energy leaves him, and he stands stupidly resigned. The flythen walks up to him, looks him hard in the face, and presently, putting forth some apparatus which stands him in place of a finger and thumb, gently takes the cockroach by the nose, and leads him daintily along for a foot or two. Leaving him there, he commences a thorough examination of the neighborhood, beating the ground up and down like a well-trained setter, and, not finding what he wants, returns to the cockroach and leads him on a little further, when the same process is gone through, sometimes for hours, until the whole wall has been examined. Chinks there are in plenty, but they do not suit him. He has taken the measure of the victim's bulk, and means to lodge him commodiously. Presently a suitable hole is found, and the fly moving backward, gently pulls the cockroach after him into his last home. What horrors are perpetrated in this dark recess cannot be more than surmised. The object, undoubtedly, is to engage him as a wet nurse. No doubt the poor cockroach is bored in some part not vital and eggs laid in him—a purpose, indeed, for which his succulent and motherly frame seems peculiarly adapted. And, not improbably, during this vicarious incubation, he is supplied with food, until the young of whom he is pregnant being hatched, commence, in return for his services, to "gnaw his bowels, their repast." It is in vain that, during the scene above described, you urge the cockroach to seek safety by flight. The poke of a stick is disregarded; he seems dead to all hints; nay, move him to another part of the wall, he awaits there, with the same stolid indifference, the return of his tormentor. Probably a sly thrust is given him in the first meeting of noses, or some "leprous distilment" dropped into his ear, for he has entirely the air of being hocussed.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

The active and practical live most in the present—the idle and ideal most in the future. Failing to realize their visions and vagaries, the latter accept the present in a spirit of murmuring and discontent. They accuse what they call their evil destiny, their ill luck, never thinking how much they are the arbiters of both. Society is burthened with these malcontents, who are forever devising or dreaming some paradisaical economy, whereby they may "fare sumptuously," and yet do nothing. Communes and phalansteries are their theoretical delight, and they endorse, without a dissenting voice, that saying of the master to the rich man, "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor"—who include vagabond-dom, for who is poorer in every sense than the idler? One would think that time, which teaches always the same lesson, might thin the ranks of those who contemn, and profess to distrust the present—yet it does not, and age succeeding age beholds the same foolish crowd, overlooking the present and gaping into the future—wondering instead of working, hoping instead of doing. And their accomplishment in each generation is about the same; they drag on a barren life, which might have been fruitful and satisfactory had they been wise and lived in the present. It is well to look forward and upward, but he whose upward vision begets a desire for wings to fly from the conditions and duties of human life, had better, never have looked beyond his furrow. The truest and greatest of men have been content to accept life as they found, or could shape it. They believed, like the poet, that—

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and that the real and earnest are never scornful of the present—whether of talents, time, or means. The wise man does not overlook the future. He shapes his industry and enjoyments providentially for the coming days. His plans and prospects, firm-rooted in the present, take hold on many morrows. And his thoughts, ah, while they are busied with the passing hour, and the near concerns of temporal life, they also reach forward, overleaping the stars, and take hold on eternal life. The true man finds his mind and heart occupied with both the present and the future; with the present, in order to turn it to the high account for which it is given—to conserve the good of man and the glory of God—and the future, to contemplate therein the fruitions promised to the true uses of the present. And since this wise use of time is unfailing in rewards, why do we not all consult it? Why build Utopias when we can have real paradises?—why dwell in clouds of theory when we can be warm and snug in the sunshine of practice? *Now* is the golden point of our lives—for life, here and hereafter, is but an eternal NOW!

IDLENESS AND VICE.

Great examples to virtue or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice, indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle.

THE BACKWOODSMAN'S

FIRST LOVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

It was during the early settlement of the northern counties of Virginia, a few years anterior to the American Revolution, that a young man—perhaps we should rather say boy, for his age was scarcely turned of sixteen—stood leaning against a large, old tree, in front of a dwelling of better exterior than was common in that day, and in that section of country. The youth was tall, gaunt, bony and muscular—with black hair, black eyes, and strongly-marked features—the whole countenance even then being expressive of the bold, restless, dauntless, and vindictive spirit which was subsequently destined to make his name so famous upon the western borders.

It was a clear, cold, but pleasant autumnal night, and the fair moon, riding high in the heavens, poured down her silvery light through the clear, frosty air, casting deep shadows here and there, and giving to the bold scenery around a picturesque variation. The youth was not warmly clad, but he seemed not to feel the cold, as he stood, with folded arms, leaning against the tree, his eye riveted upon a lighted window of the dwelling before him, whence a low sound of voices, occasionally mingled with a merry, ringing laugh, reached his eager ear. Could his face at that moment have been clearly seen, it would have shown a contracted brow, compressed lips, and a somewhat wild and fiery fierceness of the eye, which seemed to bode no good to whatever object had roused his vindictive hate.

The evening wore away, the hour grew late, but still the youth stood in the self-same attitude, having for hours scarcely changed his position, or moved a single muscle of his stern features. At length the outer door of the dwelling opened, and two figures appeared—a youth and a maiden, both dimly perceived by the light behind. For a few moments they stood conversing in low tones, when the clear, musical voice of the maiden was heard to say:

"Good night, Henry, and let it not be long ere I see you again."

"Good night, my fair Rose," was the rejoinder, "and happy dreams to you."

There was another low "good night," from the one addressed as Rose, and then the speaker retired, the door closed, and the young man walked leisurely away, in an apparently meditative mood.

As he was about to disappear among the surrounding trees, the youth, who had been so long upon the watch, suddenly started from his listless attitude, and, clinching his hands nervously, as if he had some hated object already within his grasp, took two or three hasty strides towards the retreating figure, apparently with the intention of overtaking and calling him to a strict account; but suddenly, as if actuated by another thought, he stopped, turned quickly on his heel, and the next moment reached the door of the dwelling, upon which he rapped with a kind of nervous impatience. His summons was answered by a colored domestic, who, on seeing him, exclaimed—

"Why, Marse Simon, dat you!"

"I want to see Rose Walton," said the young man, sternly. The black seemed to hesitate for a moment, and the other added: "Go and tell her so! and be quick about it, if you don't want to get yourself into trouble!"

As the black was turning away to communicate her message, the person inquired for made her appearance. She was a fine, comely lass of seventeen, with fair face and bright eyes, and a general appearance exceedingly captivating.

"Why, Simon," she said, in a tone of surprise, "methinks your visit is rather late!"

"I'm aware," replied the youth, in a tone of bitterness, "that Rose Walton would rather I'd stay away altogether."

"Then why do you come at all?" was the quiet rejoinder.

"That's my business," answered Simon, in a gruff, surly tone.

"Certainly," returned the maiden, rather haughtily; "that is your business, unquestionably; and as it don't appear to concern me, I will leave you to transact it with yourself."

She was about to turn back, and make her words good, when the youth suddenly, and somewhat fiercely, grasped her by the arm, and rejoined:

"Not so fast, my beauty! I've got a word to say to you!"

"Unhand me, sir!" cried Rose, indignantly—"or I will call for help!"

"You'd better call on your new love," sneered Simon.

"I will call on some one that will chastise your insolence!" she retorted.

"No threats, Rose," returned the youth; "I'm not just in the mood to bear 'em. I feel, just now, as if the devil was in me; and if anybody was to interfere now between us, I don't know what mought come on't. Rose," he pursued, in a low, hurried, passionate tone; "I know I'm a big, ugly, awkward, uneducated youth; but I've got feeling as well as others—I've got passions as well as others—and (interjecting a wicked oath) I'll tell you what it is, Rose, whoever trifles with 'em had better take care! Rose, you know I love you—love you to madness; you know you encouraged me in it, you know you gin me to expect that some day you'd be my wife; but lately, from some cause, you've treated me coldly—you've hardly spoke to me civil—you haven't met me as you used to do—you've seemed as if my company wasn't pleasant to you."

"I think you must be mistaken, Simon," returned the other, in a softened tone.

"No, I'm not mistaken, Rose!" he vehemently replied; "I *know*—I've seen for myself. I'll tell you what the cause is of this change in you. You've got your fancy fixed upon another that you like better. You always had a liking for Harry Leitchman; and now that you think you've got him safe, you're ready to drop me. But it won't do, Rose—I tell you it won't do! The man that dares to step between me and you has got to answer for't! Yes, Rose, (with another wicked oath,) afore he shall get you away from me, I'll have his heart's blood!"

"Why, Simon, don't speak in such a manner!" said the girl, in considerable alarm—"you terrify me!"

"Can't help it, Rose—you'll find it just as I say. Boy if I am, I've got the strength and passions of a man; and if I find the last is trifled with, the other shall serve me for a revenge that shall ring along the borders when you and me are dead and gone!"

"Why, Simon, what do you mean?" cried Rose Walton, growing more and more terrified at the wild passions of the other; which she, for mere pastime—to gratify a foolish vanity—had carelessly and thoughtlessly fanned into a flame that might now destroy her. "I never heard you talk so strangely before."

"Because I was never so certain I had cause," replied he. "For some time back I've suspicioned that something was wrong; I've kind o' thought that Henry Leitchman was taking my place in your favor; and only yesterday I overheard him say as much to one of his friends. To-night I met him, and suspicioning that he was coming here, I drew back out of sight and followed him. Rose, for many a long hour I've been standing by that there old sycamore, watching the room where I knew you and Harry was. I could hear you talk, but I couldn't hear what you said; and I could hear you laugh, and that said plain enough that you was happy. I saw you both come to the door, and heard your tender 'good night;' and, Rose, some dreadful wicked thoughts came over me then, and I started after Harry. If I had a followed him, I don't know what mought have come on't—but I thought I'd come back and hear what you had to say first. Now, tell me, Rose, and tell me the truth,—Do you prefer Leitchman to me?"

"Why, how can you ask such a question, Simon?" answered the girl, evasively, and slightly changing color.

"But I do ask it, Rose, and I want you to answer me!"

"Well, come in, then, a few minutes, and let us talk the matter over."

"No, Rose, I'll not come in to-night—you can answer that question where you are."

"Why, do you want me to flatter you to your face, and tell you that I like you the best?"

"No, I don't want any flattery—I've had enough of that—I've had too much of that. I just want you to be sincere, for once in your life—you've trifled with me enough, Rose. You either like me best, or you don't—you either prefer me to Harry, or you don't—and I want to know which?"

"And can you for a moment suppose," said the girl, in a soft, insinuating tone, "that I prefer him to you?"

"I judge more by your actions than your words, Rose."

"What! do you accuse me of prevarication?" she replied, with some spirit.

"And if I did, I reckon I'd hit pretty near the truth," he rejoined. "Now answer me, straightforward—are you ready to dismiss Leitchman, and have no more to say to him?"

"Sir!" cried Rose, with a flush of indignation—"I think you forget that you are talking to the daughter of Colonel Walton. I will allow no one to question me as to whom I like or dislike! If my manners are displeasing to you, you certainly have the privilege of remaining away."

"But I can't remain away, Rose—you know that."

"Then take me as you find me, Simon, and be contented. Do not forget that I am something older than you—that I have a spirit which will not be dictated to by any one—and, least of all, by one younger than myself."

For some ten minutes longer the conversation was continued in much the same strain—the girl, with the cunning and skill of an accomplished coquette—the quick perceptions of one master of the human heart—alternately exciting and tranquilizing the spirit of her rough, impetuous, but ardent admirer—playing upon his feelings as one plays upon the strings of an instrument of music; now with soft blandishments taming down his rough, fiery jealousies to gentle words; now rousing him from a too tender strain to expressions harsh, wild, threatening and fearful.

At length the interview closed, and the youth retired from the unequal combat scarcely wiser than he came. He was not satisfied, but he scarcely knew with what he had to find fault. That the girl was intellectually his superior, he secretly admitted, and the conviction was not a pleasing one; that she was a coquette, he was convinced; that she had been playing upon his feelings, he half believed; that she was worthy of a true and honest affection, he seriously doubted; but that he loved her—ardently, wildly, madly—he was too certain for his own peace of mind.

With a thousand strange fancies crowding upon his brain, not one of which he then felt himself competent to analyze, he hastened his steps down a winding walk, and soon entered a rough, narrow road, which at that day ran through a thinly populated country from one settlement to another. Mechanically he turned to the right, and, in a thoughtful, abstracted mood, for some quarter of an hour, pursued his way through a thick, dark wood, barely able to see his course by the light of the moon, which here and there seemed to struggle through the interlacing branches of the gigantic trees that lined his pathway on either side.

At length he entered a hollow, where an opening, made by a broad but shallow stream, let in the light of the moon more clearly, and there, seated upon a stone, he espied a human figure. A single glance assured him that it was his rival, and the sight roused into activity all his jealous and vindictive passions. The same wicked intentions which he had experienced when first setting out to follow Leitchman, after his interview with Rose, now came over the youth with redoubled force, and he felt that the earth was too small to contain them both.

Henry seemed not to hear the approach of Simon, but sat buried in a reverie, evidently induced by the soothing murmurs of the purling stream, and the sentiment awakened by the fascinating witchery of the fair girl with whom he had so recently parted.

For a few moments the youth seemed to hesitate, and then, advancing straight to the other, he said, in a gruff, surly tone—

"What are you doing here?"

The young man started, looked around, and, ascertaining who was his interrogator, replied—

"What is that to you, Simon? You are not my keeper."

"It's a good deal to me, Leitchman, as I'm able to make you understand, keeper or no keeper."

"Why, how now, Simon! You appear to be getting rather insolent for a boy!"

Henry was two years the senior of Simon, and, though not so tall, was more gracefully built, and more comely in person.

"Don't call me boy, Henry Leitchman!" cried Simon in a furious tone, striding up to the other with clenched hands, his whole sinewy frame fairly trembling with passion. "Don't call me boy ag'in, or, by Heavens! I'll strike you as you sit!"

"Nay," said Henry, rising, "if that is your game, you'll find there are two that can play at it."

"Yes, much better than at t'other game," sneered Simon, "for two can't play there, and me be one of 'em!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Leitchman.

"Well, s'pose you try to guess," replied the youth; "and if you can't guess—if you haven't got wit enough to guess, and it's my opinion you haven't—you'd better go back to Rose Walton, where you've wasted too much of your time already, and ask her."

"Aha!" said the other, "I begin to understand you now. If I am not mistaken, you are getting somewhat jealous."

"Have your stupid brains been able to get all that there into 'em?" returned Simon. "Well, then, let me tell you, I'd be very sorry to get jealous of *you*, but I don't want you to waste any more time in that there quarter. Rose don't like it, and I don't like it, and that settles the matter."

"See here, Simon," said the young man, slowly and deliberately, "you had better go your way, and let me attend to my own business. This looks as if you had followed me to fix a quarrel upon me, but it strikes me you are making a fool of yourself."

"Well, it's my opinion, retorted Simon, "you'll find something else strike you harder than that;" and suiting the action to the word, he drew back his arm, and planted a heavy, almost stunning blow, full upon the face of him he now considered his deadly foe.

Leitchman staggered, but quickly recovered himself, and sprung at his antagonist with the fury of a wild beast. The next moment the two combatants were locked in a fierce embrace, and both came heavily to the ground, and rolled over and over, in the struggle of life and death. But the iron, muscular strength of Simon, soon proved more than a match for that of his older opponent, who found to his dismay that he was rapidly yielding to the grasp which the youth had obtained upon his throat. Determined not to ask quarter from one he had always regarded as his inferior, he made a last, despairing effort, and, drawing a small clasp-knife from his pocket, and forcing open the blade, struck the youth in his side, though, being weak from the contest, he inflicted a light, rather than a dangerous, wound. Simon, roused to fiendish fury by the pain, and what he considered an underhanded attempt upon his life, suddenly released his hold upon the throat of his adversary, and, wrenching the knife from his hand, plunged it furiously several times into the breast of the latter, exclaiming, with an oath—

"Take that! and that! and that!"

"You've killed me!" said Henry, in a low, feeble tone. "Oh, my God! you've killed me!"

Simon started to his feet, and felt a strange, indescribable sensation of awe and terror creep through his iron frame. Had he done a murder?—had he committed that great deed, which would make him amenable to the highest penalty of the law? It was a terrible thought—a thought that seemed to freeze his before heated blood, and send it coldly and shiveringly to his very heart. Was he indeed a murderer?—a being to be branded with that awful crime?—a being to be hunted down by his fellows as some wild beast? He was himself a poor and almost friendless boy; but he who lay before him—who had fallen by his hand—had rich and powerful connections, and he knew enough of the world to be certain that justice, in his case, would not be stayed in her course by any influence which he or his indigent family could bring to bear.

"Harry, are you dead?" he said, in a voice of agony, as he bent over the insensible form of his late rival, whom he would now have given the world to restore to life. "Speak to me, Harry—one word, just one single word—and tell me you're going to live, and I'll give up all—I'll give up Rose, who's more to me than all the rest—and I'll go far away, and never trouble you nor her any more!"

But there was no answer; the wounded man lay still, weltering in his blood; and after looking at him a moment or two longer, as he lay there, pale and ghastly, in the soft, silvery light of the watching moon, he turned and fled, muttering as he ran—

"He's dead! he's dead! I've killed him, and now I've got to fly where none can reach me. Good-bye, Rose. If it hadn't been for you, I'd never have done this deed; but now it's done, I've got to fly where I shall never look upon your face again."

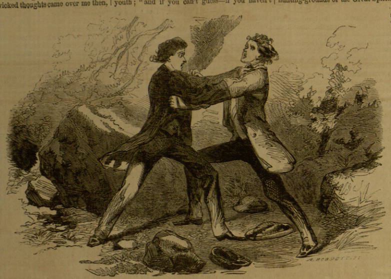
With the speed of a murderer running from justice, he flew to his humble cabin in the woods, and waking his parents, told them, with rapid utterance, and with tears in his eyes—the last tears he ever shed through tender emotion—what he had done, and all for his passionate love of the beautiful Rose Walton.

Then seizing his rifle, and such few necessary articles as he could conveniently carry, he took a hurried farewell of his afflicted friends, and, in the very bloom of youth, alone, set out for the untrodden wilds of the then far distant West, never to return.

The wounded man recovered, and subsequently married the object of his choice; but for many long years the wandering youth was harrowed with the thought that the brand of the murderer was upon him.

Years still rolled on, and the name of that boy grew famous upon the borders, and became a terror to the red men of the forest, who found in him their most bitter, vindictive, relentless and invincible foe. His career, begun in blood, was traced in blood through a long period of time, and only ceased when the foes of his race had retreated from before the conquering march of their white invaders, or had found their final rest in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit.

Who that is aught familiar with the history of the early settlements of the Great West, is now ignorant of the heroic deeds, the daring exploits, and hair-breadth escapes of the great border hero, General Simon Kenton? And yet how few have ever known the cause which first led him to the wilderness, and made him so reckless of an unhappy life? For he was the man of the youth whose first wild passion, and its almost tragical consequences, we have here recorded!



NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *All the back numbers of the* Ledger, *from June 7th, 1856, up to the present date, can be had at our office, in quantities or by the single copy*

Six Ladies want to know what we "think of green tea? Is it really poisonous, as some people say?" &c., &c. In reply we give the celebrated "Ballad of Sir T. Tea-Leaf," the statements and insinuations of which we fully endorse:—

BALLAD OF SIR T. TEA-LEAF.

It was three gallant Chinamen,
With long tail and pig eye,
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
Sir T. Tea-leaf must die.

And they have ta'en and flung him down
Upon an iron bed,
And underneath, with cruel hand,
Have heaped the ashes red.

They've spread him out, and pressed him down,
And turned him o'er and o'er,
They've dried him up until he curled,
And writhed in suffering sore

In vain he twisted and he turned,
In vain he cried for grace;
They kept him so, and scorched him till
He grew black in the face

But finding he was still alive,
Their malice waxed more keen;
They dosed him first with Prussian blue,
Till his poor face turned green.

What sparks of life might still remain
Determined to foredo,
They gave him next a bitter draught
Of gum and catechu.

And on his death his name they changed,
Lest men their crime should know,
And when asked, "Who's that lies there?"
They answered, "Young Pekoe."

Whereas his name and family,
It really was Souchong,
Related to the old Congous,
A race both rough and strong.

Lest men should recognize his dust,
To dust when passed away,
His calcined bones they kneaded up
With lumps of china clay

Their poison'd victim then they wrapp'd
In lead, with well-feigned grief,
And wrote the epitaph outside,
"Here lies Sir T. Tea-leaf."

And though their grief was all a sham,
The epitaph was true,
For "here," it said, "a Tea-leaf lies,'
And "lie" such Tea-leaves do.

Now Tea-leaf's name is in repute
In lands beyond the sea,
Where maiden ladies love him much,
Under the name Green-tea.

Ah! little dream these ancient maids
Of Chinaman's vile craft,
Nor think, while chatting o'er their cups,
There's poison in the draught.

And little know they of the fate
Poor Tea-leaf had to dree,
Or in their teapots they would weep
Tears bitter as their tea;

Till with the water of their woe
E'en the first brew was spiled,
And the presiding maid would be
Obliged to draw it mild!

Then to poor Tea-leaf drop a tear,
By poison doomed to fall;
And when there is green tea in the pot,
May I not drink—that's all.

J. Demarest.—The property was probably sold for taxes years ago, and the time for redemption long since passed. As some of the heirs were minors, however, there may be a chance of regaining it. Apply to some good lawyer of Mobile.

J. G. Gordon.—In all the matters inquired about by you and your friends, one's conduct should be regulated by common-sense and the customs of the society in which he moves.

Skylark.—A long engagement is apt to be unfortunate for the woman, though it is not always so. When a man offends a woman, it is his duty to make the first effort at reconciliation, no matter how severely she retorted upon him.

Turcoman.—Saladin, the celebrated Sultan, lived in the 13th century, and was contemporaneous with Richard Cœur de Lion. He was a noted warrior, as well as an illustrious prince, and was respected even by his foes.

Mehitabel.—We do not care to discuss the merits of rival schools of medicine. You can get the best and most voluminous discussions on such subjects by subscribing for a few medical journals.

Naomi.—The guitar is a very pleasing instrument, and when skillfully played affords a good accompaniment to the voice. It would not be a waste of your daughter's time, should she learn to play the guitar.

Charles.—There are many causes which produce bad dreams. You should consult a physician, as no one can safely advise you who does not know the state of your health and the condition of your nervous system.

C. O. P.—No. A minor, by pleading his minority, or what is called the "baby act," can get rid of paying his honest debts; but we never yet knew a young man who was mean enough to do such a thing.

Expectant.—No. The idea of a boy of nineteen eloping with a child of sixteen is highly absurd. You should wait until your beard is grown, and the girl gets into long clothes.

M. H. J.—Your employer is the one to decide whether or not your penmanship is good enough for a clerk that is to fill the situation you are wanted for.

Theresa.—Better let your hair remain its natural color. Dyed hair never looks well, and can always be detected.

Sekonk.—Such a vacillating woman would be apt to make you miserable should you marry her.

A Schoolboy says that a few days since his teacher reproved him for lounging around the door of the girl's department after school was dismissed, which was low, bad and rowdy-like conduct; that he replied that he did so for the purpose of waiting for one of the girls and escorting her home, in accordance with her wishes, and told his teacher that after school hours he had no further control over his conduct; whereupon the teacher dismissed him from the school: and now our schoolboy wants to know which is in the right?" The teacher was in the right. He has control of his shcolars until they have left and got entirely clear of the school premises. No boy has a right to lounge around the scholhouse, or any department of the school, against a teacher's wishes, nor to "go home with" any girl, even if she does wish him to do so, unless he has the permission of her parents or guardians, and his own. Under the circumstances, the best thing our young friend can do is to confess his fault and his error to his teacher, and ask permission of him to re-enter the school, and then be careful not to give offence thereafter.

Joseph.—You cannot insure your father's life to effect the object you propose. It is not lawful for any person to insure the life of another, unless he has an *ascertained* pecuniary interest in that life, which will cease on its determination. It has been held that a father cannot even insure his child's life, although it was urged that the money expended in his education and advancement in the world, constituted a vested interest that deserved protection. It is the obvious policy of the law to discourage all speculations that shall give one man an advantage in another's *death*; all modes of assurance are regarded merely as guarantees against loss, and not as incentives to profit.

C. P. K.—There would be nothing improper in your asking the lady for her miniature, considering the intimate nature of your friendship. You should, of course, manage to pay for the taking of it, if you can do so in an unobtrusive way, and should also have a copy taken for herself. It is impossible to lay down binding rules of conduct in such matters, as the ever-varying circumstances of the different cases call for modifications of one's management of the affair. If, however, a person is actuated by genuine and good motives, the details will adjust themselves inoffensively.

Rollin.—According to the best authorities the total amount of coffee annually produced in the world at the present time is not far from five hundred million (500,000,000) pounds, which, at an average of twelve cents a pound, would be worth $60,000,000. Brazil is the greatest coffee producing country, and yields annually 176,000,000 pounds. A Turkish merchant named Edwards brought the first bag of coffee to England, and his Greek servant made the first dish of English coffee in 1652. We don't know who first used coffee in America.

Robert.—Unless we saw a copy of the will we could scarcely give a satisfactory reply to your queries. If your mother have only a life-interest in the property left by your father, you ought not to have paid her any part of the principal due to the estate, and are liable to pay it over again to the parties ultimately entitled, in case she should fail to account for it. If she be the sole executrix, then you are safe; but not otherwise. In the absence of the will, we cannot, however, pronounce an opinion sufficient for your guidance.

Studiosus.—The meaning of the words "this is without prejudice," so often used in letters, and in conversation, between attorneys on opposite sides is, simply, that the disclosures or admissions which may be made in such letters, or conversations, are not to be made use of in evidence upon the trial of the cause. Under this safe-guard, many necessary communications can take place between the parties, to facilitate the suit, which could not otherwise be made without danger. It is a flag of truce between the combatants.

Convbeare.—It would be far better to depend on your own exertions, and to carve your own way in the world, than to spend your time and abase your soul in seeking the aid of your purse-proud relatives. Young men who have to be "helped" through college, or through anything else, very seldom amount to much. The boy who at sixteen can't honestly earn his own living, and snap his fingers at "rich relations," might as well give up the idea of becoming anything but a drone in the hive of life.

Jasper.—This correspondent complains of the hard times and wants assistance; but it seems that he still finds means to obtain segars and lager bier. Very well; let him live on segars and lager bier. A man who, when complaining of hard times and soliciting assistance, will spend his money in such a foolish manner, deserves to be kept for a while on very short rations.

Frenchman.—Yes, a man can "lose or make one hundred per cent. on an article of trade or merchandise." He makes a hundred per cent. when he sells the article for as much again as it cost him, and he loses a hundred per cent. when he gets nothing at all for the article but loses it outright. But a man cannot *sell* a thing for a hundred per cent. less than it cost him.

H. B. C.—You get a copyright for a book by applying to the clerk of some District Court of the United States, giving him the title page and taking a certificate, which will cost you a dollar. We don't know what price is paid by managers of theatres for original plays, but probably not much is given for them.

Judkins.—We are not at home upon the ocean, and cannot elucidate the phenomena of life at sea. Read Cobb's "Storm Secret," and "Bion, the Wanderer," and you will learn all about many of the matters you ask information upon. Back numbers of the Ledger containing those stories can be had at any time for one dollar.

Grocer.—The best way is not to trust those who once deceive you. Your practice of letting a man who already owes you a large bill get still deeper in your debt, for fear of losing what is due from him, is a very foolish one. It is better to stop short off, and lose what has got beyond your control, than to keep angling for it with new sacrifices.

The Youngest Sister.—You must not blame your elder and unwedded sisters too severely for being jealous and cross about your approaching marriage. It is not in human nature to stand such things unmoved. You are, of course, highly elated about this time, and can afford to return smiles for frowns, and sisterly affection for jealousy and petulance.

G. L. D.—It was President Tyler who asked the Alabama postmaster "How far the river Tombigbee runs up?" and received the reply that "The Tombigbee does not run *up* at all, but always runs *down*." The postmaster's joke was a good one, but it was hardly worth the office which he lost by it.

Samuel X. You should curb your temper. It is ridiculous to say that you *can't curb it*. Suppose you knew you would be hung or beheaded the first time you suffered yourself to manifest anger, would you not be able to keep your angry passions from boiling over? Of course you would.

M.—Let the presents go, and do not think of prosecuting the fair traitor for breach of promise. You have certainly been treated in a shameful manner; but, after all, is it not better for you that you did not marry such a deceitful and mercenary creature?

M. H. J.—In many instances near-sightedness can be cured. You should apply to a skillful oculist. Do not go near the person you mention who advertises such wonderful things about his triumphs in restoring defective eyes. You might have your vision destroyed altogether.

A Bereaved Mother.—What can we say to heal the wound which the death of your little son has inflicted on your heart? There is but one source whence persons so afflicted can obtain comfort, and that is from the beneficent Father of us all.

Whittington.—We never heard of an attempt to tax cats in this State; but there have been city and village ordinances passed imposing a tax upon dogs. The State would consider such a matter rather too small business for them to enter upon it.

Georgia.—We have no objections to taking your subscription to the Ledger for five years in advance; but if you intend to change your place of residence often, it would be better to subscribe for a less period, and then renew.

Mary.—The conduct of your guest upon the occasion you describe, was quite ungentlemanly, and you and your mother do right in resenting it, and insisting upon his making a suitable apology to your insulted lady friend.

Edward.—We know nothing about the seminary to which you refer. We would not under any circumstances make the Ledger a catalogue of institutions of learning, or praise any of them at the expense of others.

Brother Jonathan.—Patriotism is of course a good thing, but it should be kept under the control and guidance of reason and virtue, and not be subjected to the blind and unreasoning passions of our nature.

Sanford Haven.—We cannot advise you as you wish. All we can say is, that an elopement and a clandestine marriage should not be resorted to, if the affair can be arranged in any other way.

Querist.—The best way to learn what a lady would do under the circumstances you mention is to try the experiment. We do not understand them well enough to venture an opinion on the subject.

Perplexity.—From the tone of your letter it is evident that you are unworthy of the love of any pure-minded girl, therefore we would advise you not to marry.

Lena.—Tell your father, or brother, or uncle, or guardian, and have the persecutor driven away. Or, if that will not do, apply to a magistrate.

Thoroughbred.—Ventriloquism is a gift of nature, and cannot be acquired by art, although one who has a natural gift for it, can greatly improve his ventriloquial powers by cultivation.

Jeptha.—Show the letter to your mother, and do whatever she advises.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*